

COUNTRY LIFE

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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE HEALTH OF POOR CHILDREN.

SINCE the doctor and the district nurse have been invited to attend to the children in elementary schools, many interesting discoveries have been made. For example, take the latest report of the London County Medical Officer. In it he deals largely with the condition of the teeth—an important and much neglected subject, particularly in the country districts. To leave his Report for a moment, it may be pointed out that hygienic reform in village schools—we might say of all schools—practically lies in four directions, cleanliness,

teeth and eyes, and the control of contagious diseases. It is a common remark among those who know that if cases of whooping-cough and measles were as carefully reported and dealt with as foot-and-mouth disease, there would soon be a diminution in their number. Very great advance has been made in the personal cleanliness of the scholars since medical inspection was introduced, and obviously children who are taught good habits in this matter are likely to retain them in later years. But this is exactly the argument for giving close attention to the teeth. Among the worse type of villagers these used to be utterly neglected. Washing was left to the caprice of incredibly young children. Tooth-ache was accepted as being, like the bad weather, unavoidable, and defects in eyesight as a visitation. In after life we all know how men and women suffer from the fact of the teeth having been grossly neglected in childhood. Many a man has been much less efficient in the Army or Navy from this cause than he would otherwise have been. An observation made by the Medical Officer to whom we have referred is worthy of notice. It is to the effect that there are more bad teeth in the more comfortable sections of the working population than among the very poor. He attributes this to the fact that among those who live close to the border line of destitution the food is often coarse and necessitates much work with the teeth, a fact which keeps them clean and sound. We have often wondered if the bad teeth prevalent among the working classes are not in many cases due to the large quantities of bad sweets which they consume. All children have a natural longing for sugar, and this longing is by no means diminished when the food is insufficient in quantity and poor in quality. Cheap sweets are very seldom wholesome, and may very well account for bad teeth. The consumption of apples is also said to be good for the teeth, and nowhere will you find children with whiter and sounder teeth than in the cider countries. A generation ago, when the Scotch children were brought up mostly on oatmeal, they seemed to have sharpened their teeth on the hard cakes, and even oatmeal porridge is a wholesome food in this respect. No doubt the examination of the mouths of very young children and the performance of the necessary dentistry would save much pain in the future. At the same time, it is necessary that better instruction should be given in regard to food. The little budgets which have been gathered together by Mr. Rowntree, among others, really show a very uneconomical expenditure. It has been proved by an intelligent and highly educated man, who fed himself on a labourer's wage after leaving the University, that he could keep himself splendidly fit on an expenditure which the labourer would think inadequate. Education in this respect means the saving of money. It may be done by cookery, if it were properly directed, only it must not cater for what the cottager knows as "tasty dishes."

Next to the teeth—and perhaps even of greater importance—are the eyes. It is a pity that children should not have been ocularly examined a generation ago, so that we might have a proper basis of comparison. Nobody can say with certainty that the present generation suffers more from bad sight than preceding generations did; but we do know that a vast proportion of the children attending elementary schools have sight that is defective in one way or another. The matter has received the attentions of county councils, but the spectacle makers complain bitterly that these authorities have decreed that an insufficient price should be paid for children's glasses. It ranges, we believe, from 1s. 3d. to 3s. The assertion should not be accepted on the authority only of the spectacle makers; but neither should it be rejected. Of course, county councils are bound to study a wise economy, and if these glasses are given away, it is absolutely necessary that they should be obtained at the lowest possible price; but in saying that we are far from defending the present arrangement. It ought to be looked into by experts. If children have to wear glasses, it is essential that they should be such as can be approved by an authority on optics.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss F. Hayward, whose engagement to Mr. George Green, son of Sir Frederick and Lady Green of Hainault Lodge, Chigwell Row, Essex, is announced. Miss Hayward is the ward of Lord Grimthorpe.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

SIR EDWARD GREY introduced a new and welcome tone in the Home Rule discussion on Tuesday night. It is no business of ours to take a side in political controversy. Rather would we search for those aspects of a question on which agreement is possible. Home Rule has produced many bitter moments, but it is doubtful if passion has ever been more inflamed than it was during the progress of those events that ended in the resignations of Colonel Seely and two of the most distinguished members of the Army Council, Sir John French and Sir Spencer Ewart. As a sequel, the Prime Minister himself accepted the post of War Minister, and in consequence had temporarily to retire from the House and seek re-election at the hands of his Fife shire constituency. In these difficult circumstances Sir Edward Grey was called upon to lead the House of Commons. The assembly was torn by conflicting sentiments. Liberals and Nationalists were angry and depressed. How much so is best expressed in Mr. Bernard Partridge's powerful cartoon in *Punch*. "There's many a slip," etc. The Prime Minister is about to hand a bowl marked "Home Rule" to Mr. Redmond, but a sword is seen falling between them. It is labelled "Military Resignations." The air was full of innuendo, harsh accusations were bandied from one side to another, and the danger of Civil War lay like a dark shadow in the background.

Once before Sir Edward Grey had to speak on an occasion equally pregnant with difficulty and danger. It was during the Algeiras crisis. No one can forget the simple, dignified ability with which he spoke then. Without flinching from the position Great Britain had taken up, without any slurring over of irritating topics, and yet without a syllable that lent angry colour to his masterly exposition he set out the facts. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit!* He succeeded equally well on Tuesday. Modestly, and yet tactfully, he avoided the major propositions on which agreement is never likely to be reached and concentrated attention on the possibilities of agreement. Friends and antagonists alike soon began to appreciate the change in atmosphere. With all its faults, the House of Commons is ever ready to recognise when a man is giving of his best. Sir Edward Grey holds many views, from which many of those who listen to him dissent, but there was none who failed to recognise that here was a man addressing them in honesty and good faith. For the time being at all events there could be no suspicion of plot or counterplot. Sir Edward Grey was manifestly inspired by the wish to arrive at a basis of settlement. Look and accent told their own tale, and it was carried home by the knowledge that he who spoke has always maintained his honour unstained, irreproachable.

To the many sidelights on Old England which he has produced, His Excellency M. Jusserand has added in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* a most delightful account of a French Ambassador's impressions of England in the year 1666. This Ambassador, Count Cominges, was accredited to England "when Charles the Second

governed that country and my lady Castlemaine governed that monarch." From the extracts which M. Jusserand prints, it appears that Old England in the days of Charles II. enjoyed the same old weather which we know so well. "The air of this isle is coarse; fogs, rains, and winds easily convene there." Yet he notes that the land was a very healthy one. In the country he was struck with the quantities of large and small cattle. By the latter apparently he means sheep, for he refers again to the famous English wool and woollens. The people he found haughty, proud and suspicious. They were fond of fighting and drank little wine, but plenty of beer. Fish, oysters and deer abounded, and good cheer was ever ready for the guest.

Count Cominges did not know much of the literature of the country, however. He does not seem to have ever heard of Shakespeare, and he alludes to another great poet as "a man called Miltonius, who has rendered himself more infamous by his noxious writings than the very tormentors and assassins of their king." The amusements of the people appear to have been pugilism and cock-fighting; while "dog, bull and bear fights can be seen twice a week, at small expense, and the public squares are full of jesters and puppet players." The rabble he calls infamous, but it was kept well in order. "One may walk all night, purse in hand, without any untoward incident, barring what may be caused by some drunkard, soon, however, arrested by the constable." The Ambassador was astonished at the bold talk at the public houses, where rakes and idlers assembled and, pipes in mouth, amid bottles and glasses, discussed news and politics and the character of the princes and ministers. It is altogether a vivid picture he draws of the gallant days of the Restoration.

DIRGE.

Strew red flowers along the way
Where he passes, whose day is done:
Roses and poppies—who can say
Whether Life's battle be lost or won?

Strew white flowers and strew them deep
Where he passes whose fate is spun:
Roses for birth and poppies for sleep—
For life that is ended, and life begun.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Many of those who advocate changes in the working hours of the agricultural labourer do not fully realise how vastly the conditions differ from those which govern industrial production. During the past month farmers have had the utmost difficulty in finding work for their regular hands, and the day-to-day workers have been very frequently turned back. Our readers know that we strongly advocate long engagements. A day to day bargain, or even a week to week bargain, is a pernicious one for the labourer. The very first step in the improvement of his condition should lie in the direction of getting greater security of employment. But in order to do this he ought to make a reasonable concession. In months such as the one we have just passed through the payment of regular wages has been a loss to the farmer. It was impossible that he should receive an equivalent for them in work. The most reasonable way out of the difficulty would be to make the hours as short as possible in bad weather, and in return the labourers might give extra time when it improves. This is a concession which those who are engaged by the day might very well make in return for regular employment.

A distinguished author remarked some time ago to the present writer that he had very nearly attained his ideal. He was going abroad, and could carry all his belongings, save and except a typewriter, in a single bag. Rooms he had had in his time and houses and furniture; but as his love of simplicity grew, so did the desire to get rid of this kind of impedimenta. Like Thoreau, he could carry his belongings on his back. For men of his type the promoters of the Simple Life Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, cater. This is the fifth show of the kind that they have got up, and the continuance of it affords pretty good evidence that the love of a simple life has passed through its rudimentary stage, when it was only a pleasant craze which furnished writers in prose and verse with a theme as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. But down below the literary movement there has been growing a tendency on the part of men and women of all classes to simplify life as far as they can. Even the rich have come to know that a great deal of the pomp and

pageantry by which they were surrounded were simply obstacles to their enjoyment. One efficient servant is as good as ten inefficient; and we do not at all wonder that the Simple Life Exhibition is attracting a very large number of visitors. Its ingenious contrivances will appeal to many of them, and no doubt we shall see on the road during the coming summer far more caravans, even if the "honeymoon cart" does not attain the popularity to which its name would seem to entitle it.

When commenting last week on the opening of the Ashburnham sale, we expressed a hope that the rumour would be confirmed which said that the destination of some of the pieces was likely to be in some public collection. The truth of this has been confirmed, as Mr. Harvey Hadden, who only a few weeks ago presented to the nation the remarkable silver-gilt bowl from Studley Royal (illustrated and described in our number for February 7th), has made another important presentation to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is the great set of three Charles II. pieces in silver-gilt which were bought at a price of over £3,700. It consists of a covered vase with a flask on either side, forming a garniture for the decoration of a room. The pieces stand about fourteen inches in height and bear the London hallmark for the year 1675-6. Such a group of objects does not exist outside two or three of the great houses of England. It is a magnificent addition to the benefits for which the nation has reason to be grateful to Mr. Harvey Hadden. He is adding to the collection an early and beautiful example of an apostle spoon. We can only hope that such a patriotic example will be widely followed.

Swine fever is at the present time occupying so much public attention that its discussion by the Associated Chambers of Agriculture is sure to be very closely studied. This disease threatens to produce a pig famine, or something like it, in Great Britain. It comes into farms no one knows whence or how, the only supposition being that, in the words of the chairman, a large number of animals affected show no discoverable symptom of it, and they communicate it to the pigs. So far the Board of Agriculture has done nothing to help, although Mr. Runciman has more than once expressed his keenest sympathy with the sufferers. At present the only way of dealing with swine fever is by slaughter, and in this instance killing is no cure. Of late the number of cases has swollen enormously. The agriculturists are not contented with this, and we cannot blame them. They urge upon the Government some system of inoculation analogous to that employed in Belgium. We know, of course, the official reply, that no satisfactory system has yet been discovered; but surely if the great bacteriologists in this country were induced to give an adequate amount of attention to this disease, they should be able to lay bare its secrets. Yet it would be going out of the frying-pan into the fire if the restrictions which farmers feel so harassing were to be removed altogether. The communication of the disease at markets has occurred so often that when an outbreak occurs the Board of Agriculture is bound to stop pig owners from moving their stock.

The report which we have to expect in due course from the Parliamentary Commission which is enquiring into the evils and benefits to man of different species of birds is sure to be of great interest. There is one point of importance in any enquiry of the kind which the ordinary farmer and country dweller are liable to overlook, and it is one that introduces an element of difficulty into the whole question, which has only to be stated to be realised. The concrete instance is the most convincing. Let us take, then, that of the starling. The starling is a good friend in general, and in moderate numbers, to the farmer as it is so largely insectivorous. But it is very fond of cherries, and one of the banes of the life of the orchard grower in Kent and Sussex is the cherry stealing starling. The obvious counsel, then, seems to be to destroy the nests of the starlings, but it is counsel which neglects to take into account the point above noticed. The starlings which nest in Kent and Sussex go elsewhere soon after nesting. Their place is taken by migrant birds of the same species in the autumn. Therefore the farmer who destroys their nests only robs himself of their aid as insect eaters in spring and summer, and does nothing to diminish the number of his cherry thieves.

The pruning of the rose trees, an operation performed about the end of March in gardens where no special effort is made to have a very early bloom, has discovered an un-

usually forward growth this season. The growth is very strong and healthy, moreover, so that the promise is good for the coming summer. There is nothing like so much dead wood in the trees as at the pruning season last year. It is always a dismal time in the rose garden when the cutting back of the new young shoots and of the beautiful red leaves has lately been done, but there is no doubt at all about its necessity for the better health of the trees, and it hardly seems possible to do it too drastically. This forwardness of the roses is in contrast with the condition of many things in the garden. The daffodils and narcissus, which are the chief glories in these early days of spring, have certainly been later than their usual date in coming to their beauty of bloom.

It is very pleasant to learn that we have so sylvan a family as the badgers living in such an urban neighbourhood as that of Kew Gardens. It is a habitat perfectly adapted to the beast, who is well content with a diet of slugs, beetles, and a few wild roots such as he will find in plenty there; and he is so entirely nocturnal in his habits that the visitors to the gardens will not trouble him. Many of our London parks are becoming constantly more amusing by the residence or the sojourn in them, for part of the year, at all events, of many creatures which we should not have thought of seeing there only a few years ago. The exotic ducks and other aquatic birds that have been specially introduced into the park waters are perhaps not so interesting as the birds that come there of their own initiative, such as the gulls and the dabchicks on the water and the wood-pigeons in the trees. They and the dabchicks nest there, but the seagulls betake themselves to their native haunts at the nesting season. In Regent's Park we may see squirrels—even the American grey squirrel, which has escaped in some numbers from the "Zoo."

FROM A LOVER IN THE CITY TO A LADY IN THE GARDEN SUBURB.

"Anyone can write an Aptlet—anyone can win a prize."—Competition Page, Weekly Paper.

I dare not serenade you, sweet,
When you have hied you to repose
Lest some dour neighbour should entreat
My silence with a garden hose.

Nor from gnarled tree trunks can my rhymes
Breathe forth the passion you inspire
E'en though your cot's embowered with limes—
(Small, slender saplings cased in wire).
Yet one thought makes ambition bold:
There is a paper that you take
Where weekly competitions hold
A chance of tilting for your sake.

In print *together* we'll appear
And doubtless we shall win the bays
If you supply a coupon, dear,
An "Aptlet" I, on means and ways.

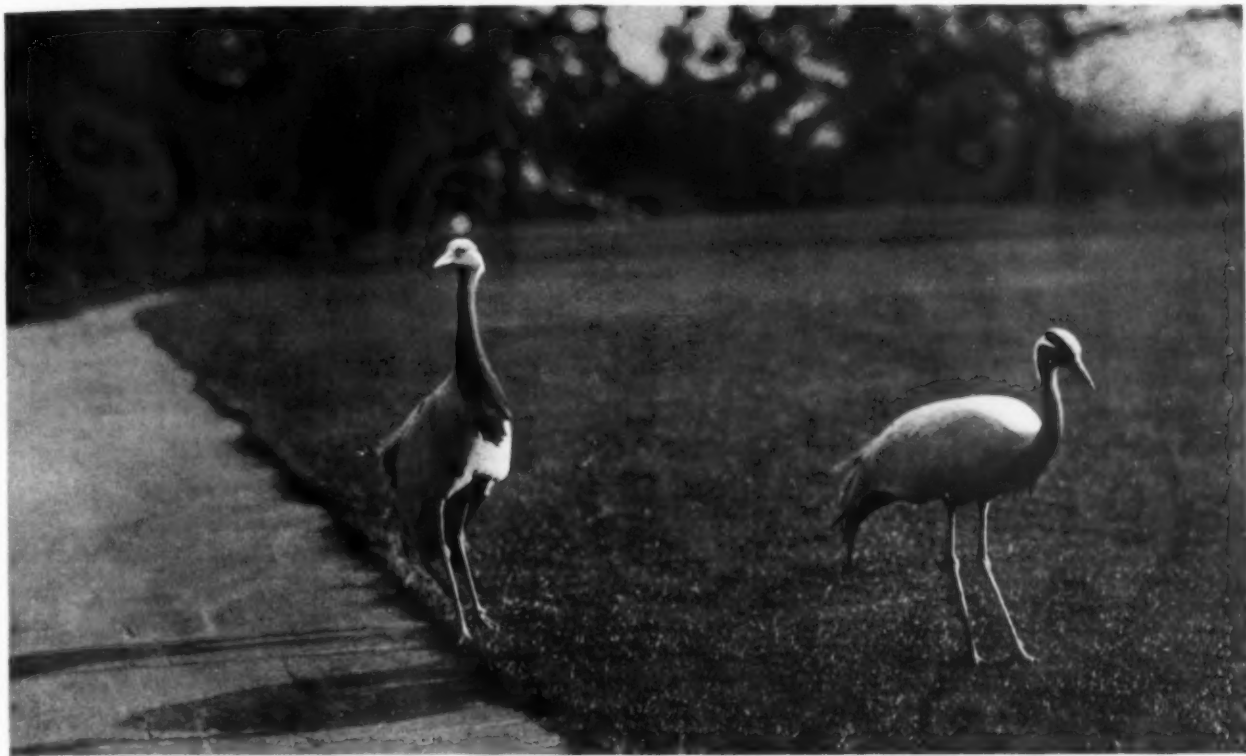
My "heartlet" is your very own;
My "handlet," love, is also thine;
But little "hopelet" have I known;
A "hashlet" is this life of mine.

But if our "Aptlet" win the prize,
Oh! seek with me in Garden Town
A nestlet of the middle size
Where dovelets twain may settle down.

H. I. RADFORD.

Seven years ago horticulture began to be included in the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society, and, as our readers know, it has turned out to be a plant of rapid growth. Every year, in fact, brings forth a more opulent show of plants and flowers. Forestry has grown side by side with it, and both are to be strongly represented at Shrewsbury this year, so that whosoever is in need of practical information about planks or planting plans, tree pests or wood preservatives—in short, all the things that appertain to estate forestry—will have opportunities of getting the best, latest and most accurate information. Another feature which is being strongly developed at Shrewsbury is that of the workmanship of the farm. In February competitions were held in hedging and ditching and so forth, and we presume the prizes will be awarded at the Shrewsbury Show. These developments are all on the right lines, as they give variety of interest and widen the scope of the exhibition.

CROWNED CRANES AND OTHERS.



DEMOISELLE CRANES.

TO those who have the means and the facilities, no more interesting or graceful birds can be kept in the park or garden than some of the crane family, of which there are nineteen species. They do no harm to the flower beds like peacocks or pheasants, and, besides being beautiful to look at, they become exceedingly tame and have no fear of people. Of all the cranes the crowned crane is the most striking and beautiful in colour. The Soudan crowned crane (*Balearica pavonina*) has a wide range in Africa, extending from the West to the North-East, and is a resident in the Soudan; and though a native bird of a hot country, it stands the colder climate of England. In 1906 six of these birds were imported direct to Logan in Wigtonshire, where they were kept in a pen for a short time and then allowed full liberty without being pinioned. Two of the birds died shortly after, and the bodies were sent away for expert post-mortem examination; the verdict returned was death from malaria. The remaining four are alive, and it is a most pleasing sight to see them flying about, often four miles away from the house, but always returning to sleep at night, which they do, roosting on the house-top or in a tree. They feed themselves on insects and seeds in the summer, but in winter are fed on maize and dari seed, the birds coming up and practically feeding from one's hand. In 1912 a pair made a nest composed of reeds and rushes, not far from the edge of the loch, and laid three eggs; both birds took a share in the incubation, and one young hatched thirty days later. The parents were most assiduous in feeding it on insects, and all went well for six weeks, when it was killed by

a weasel. In 1913 the same pair nested again, but in the month of July, and hatched all three eggs. The young did well for a month and then died off one after another. Probably the insect life, which was exceptionally scarce last year, failed. If they will adapt themselves to the climatic conditions in which they find themselves and nest earlier next time in May, there is every hope for success.

The young Soudan crowned crane, when first hatched,

is somewhat similar in appearance to a young pheasant, but shows signs of its crowned crest from the beginning, and their long legs soon grow. The eggs, which are three in number, are of greenish or greenish blue colour, and devoid of any markings. Mr. M. J. Nicholl states the total length is 73m.m. and total breadth 53m.m. (eggs measured at the Giza Zoological Garden). In their wild and natural state, the crowned crane, like others of their species, fly in enormous flocks at sunrise to the water to drink, uttering a hoarse, croaking cry, difficult to describe, and the sight of hundreds of these birds standing at the edge of and in the lake, with the early morning sun lighting up their golden-hued crest, and the contrast of the black velvet tuft on top of head, and rosy white cheeks, is probably one of the most striking imaginable. They spend most of the day feeding around the edge of semi-dry lakes, and retire, as the day closes in, to sleep out in the open. In Kordofan they breed in September. Although kept at many places in England, notably at Woburn, Lilford and Scampston, there is no instance of their having bred, though at Lilford they make nests each year, yet do not lay. (I am indebted to Mr. K. McDouall for photograph of nest and young dead crowned



B. REGULORUM.

crane.) The other crowned crane (*B. regulorum*) is easily distinguished by the large wattle under chin, and also by the larger white cheek patch, with pink colour at top. This bird extends practically all over Southern Africa, and is found also towards East Africa. In captivity it thrives as well as *B. pavonina*, and it appears to become even tamer, and is more given to dancing displays.

The Demoiselle crane (*Grus virgo*), although of less striking appearance, being of a uniform grey colour, with black breast feathers and black ends to primaries, and black tail, is no less attractive a species to keep. It breeds in its natural state in certain parts of Spain, Southern Russia, Bikaner, Tur-

kestan and North-West China, migrating down to the plains of India, and is found in Egypt as a winter visitor. In its native state, the Demoiselle crane inhabits sandy regions, but it adapts itself to almost any soil and climate, and is hardy. It does not mind snow, though, if pinioned, it is liable to frostbite on the feet, and care should be taken that the shelter-house has a dry floor of moss litter in. If the birds are full winged they will probably prefer to perch on the top of the shelter-house or on some fence, and are much less susceptible to the rigours of climate. In common with many of the other species of cranes, they spend much of the day round the edge of a pond or lake. In captivity they become tame to a very marked degree, and soon feed out of the hand or come up to the house to be fed, tapping at the windows to attract attention; but in their wild state they are very wary and suspicious of man, resting for choice on bare, open plains, or on a sand bank well away from covert and danger. It would seem a pity to kill this graceful bird unless to obtain a specimen for a skin, and one cannot imagine much sport in shooting them, though it was recently reported in a paper that a certain gentleman who had been ill "was in excellent health," and had shot some thirty Demoiselle cranes in one day. Let us hope this was poetic licence on the part of the news correspondent. Like the crowned crane or the Alaska crane, they are much given to dancing and a species of display. I have never noticed a solitary bird do it, but if a pair or more are kept, a bird, without giving any warning, is seized by a fit of exuberant spirits which it proceeds to let off. The bird is often feeding peacefully when it suddenly stops, dances up in the air, wings half open, then bows its head to the ground, neck and body feathers standing out, and making two or three bows. The bird then usually makes a short run or two and as suddenly resumes its feeding. Occasionally the other bird joins in and half bows its head, etc. They do not appear to confine their antics to the spring time alone,

but do it at almost any time. On migration, the birds are stated, by those who have seen them, to fly very high up, and, like wild geese, in a V formation, changing to a wavering line, neck and legs being carried like a heron. They nest in April—May, and merely make a scrape in the ground, and

collect even less material than a green plover does for its nest. The nest is usually made among grass or similar rough shelter, and contains two eggs, the colour of which varies considerably. Some will be found of a light grey stone colour all over, while others are of a darker stone colour, with red, buff or chocolate coloured markings which almost run together at the larger end of the egg. In semi-

confinement they often lay unfertile eggs, though, as they are good sitters, there would be every chance of success otherwise. A pair nested at Woburn some years ago and reared their young, but instances are rare of success, though they lay in most places where kept and allowed liberty. It is more than probable that the full-winged birds would be more successful in this respect, but the risk of losing is so great that few care to take the chance. They nested at Logan in Wigtonshire, and reared both young to maturity, but the young flew away at the spring migrating time, flying south-south-east, and were seen no more.

MAURICE PORTAL.

THE RIDE ACROSS NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE Northumbrians being a race of hunters and riders by descent it was only natural that when, under the auspices of the Territorial Association, the Corps of Guides was started (Colonel Bates, D.S.O., being chief guide)

their usefulness and knowledge should have been promptly shown by their undertaking a mighty ride athwart Northumberland from Kielder Castle, beside the Scottish Border, to where

Fair Warkworth lifts her crown of Towers
And looks upon the sea.

It is a great distance, and the moors are still dripping with the rain and snow of the wettest March on record, so that here and there Mr. S. Dodd, of the ancient "grayne" of the Dodds of North Tyndale, who started from Kielder Castle at 8.35 a.m. on Thursday, March 26th, must have had on occasion like "Hobbie Noble" of old to light down and walk through sundry flows and mires on his way to Blakehopeburnhaugh in the valley of the Rede.

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
O'er hill and hope, and mony a doun;
Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.



B. REGULORUM: FINISH OF A DISPLAY.



CROWNED CRANE'S NEST AT LOGAN (1913)—B. PANONINA.

Mr. Dodd rode splendidly through a worse country than William of Deloraine had to pass; he had to mount to a height of over 1,700ft. on Girdle Fell, whence he could see the Cheviots, all covered with snow. Thence, having changed horses, he rapidly descended down to the Rede, where Earl Percy, Jacob Robson, M.F.H., and Howard Pease (district guide) were waiting him. The ride from Kielder to Blakehopeburnhaugh, of some thirteen odd miles, a terribly rough and dangerous country, occupied only 1h. 25min.

Mr. H. Pease then set off at a canter across the moors to Hepple Bridge, over Coquet Water, the going better than the previous guide's stretch, yet the ground soft, six burns to cross, three stone walls to jump and two posts and rails, as well as sundry wire fences, to get through. He also had two horses out, and accomplished the distance of some fourteen miles in 62min.

Then Mr. P. F. Clennell (son of the squire of Harbottle, a former Master of the Coquetdale Hounds), took up the running.

He cantered along the shining water of Coquet, beneath purple Simonside and over the moors by Lordinshaws, and on and over Coquet, east of Rothbury and so by devious ways to the gates of Swarland Hall. Distance, some fifteen miles in 1h. 18min. There were awaiting him Mr. Johnny Pawson (well known in the hunting field), with his three local guides with him, all eager to be off to

The goodly strand of Northumberland
And the lordly Towers thereby.

They had some seven or eight miles to go by way of Hazon and Guyzance and Field House, Warkworth Moor and the ford over Coquet below Morwick, and swiftly they accomplished the stretch in 42min. So at Warkworth Castle, where Earl Percy fitly was awaiting them, the great ride across Northumberland came successfully to its close, the distance as ridden, and not as the crow flies, being at least fifty miles, and the actual time 4h. 27min.

A GUIDE.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WHAT was said by a sage in the morning of the civilised world and what was often on the lips of Thackeray in the nineteenth century must come to the mind of many who read Miss Elizabeth Lee's *Ouida: A Memoir* (Fisher Unwin)—*vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. The tale of a popular novelist is singularly like that of a talented actor—both for a brief period playing before high heaven their fantastic tricks, assured in themselves and justified in their assurance of the general opinion that they are doing something for all time. In the actor's case the change is the more dramatic and apparent. As soon as the muscles are rigid in death and the lips dumb, the poor histrion is in the way of being forgotten altogether or of becoming at best a mere *umbra nominis*. The arts by which he moved an audience to tears or laughter died with him; nothing can make them live again. "Alas, poor Yorick!" The popular novelist differs from the actor less than at a first glance might be supposed. We hear the reader say that the written word remaineth. In the romance, generally in a vast (too vast) series of romances, the novelist has built a monument more or less enduring. Whoever is curious to know the imaginative work that stirred the mind and roused the enthusiasm of the past generation can find it by digging in the great libraries. Are not acres of ground devoted by the British Museum to the storage of dead books? These plausible arguments, however, will not stand examination. Popularity is a result of the mutual working of several forces. In its most transient form it comes as a result of a writer catching a popular mood, shooting folly as it flies, or, if you like to put it this way, finding words for the ephemeral ideas incidental to a momentary stage in evolution. This form of public appetite can scarcely ever be realised by a subsequent generation, and whoever has turned up the works of authors who were most highly popular in their own day, but have passed since out of remembrance, must have realised that to them the very words seem dead. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, for example, was a most voluminous writer who esteemed herself in her own day an empress in the world of letters; yet how many remember the title of her greatest poem, "The Lady of La Garaye," and who ever asks at the library for "Stuart of Dunleath"? The case seems to be very much the same with Ouida, Miss Ramé, as she was called in her girlhood, Miss de la Ramé, as she called herself later on when overpowered with the sense of her own dignity and greatness. Miss Elizabeth Lee, a clear and precise thinker and writer, has presented the facts of her career in such a manner that he who runs may read. Ouida's early popularity was due to obvious reasons. In the first place, she had very fine literary gifts. She could maintain the interest of a narrative and adorn it with natural observation of a delightful kind. Moreover, she had the air of one well in advance of her time and superior to it; and, in that prim Victorian age, she seemed so daring and free that she was banned by heavy fathers, while a flighty daughter felt deliciously wicked as she read. But that was the maiden for whom William Black wrote his innocuous novels, not her emancipated Georgian sister. Ouida possessed many of the qualities that make for immortality. Her work was ruined merely because she was Ouida, and Ouida was an incredible person in herself, and therefore ruined the best of her novels by the introduction of things as incredible as herself. Her guardsmen and her heroines, much as they tickled the fancy

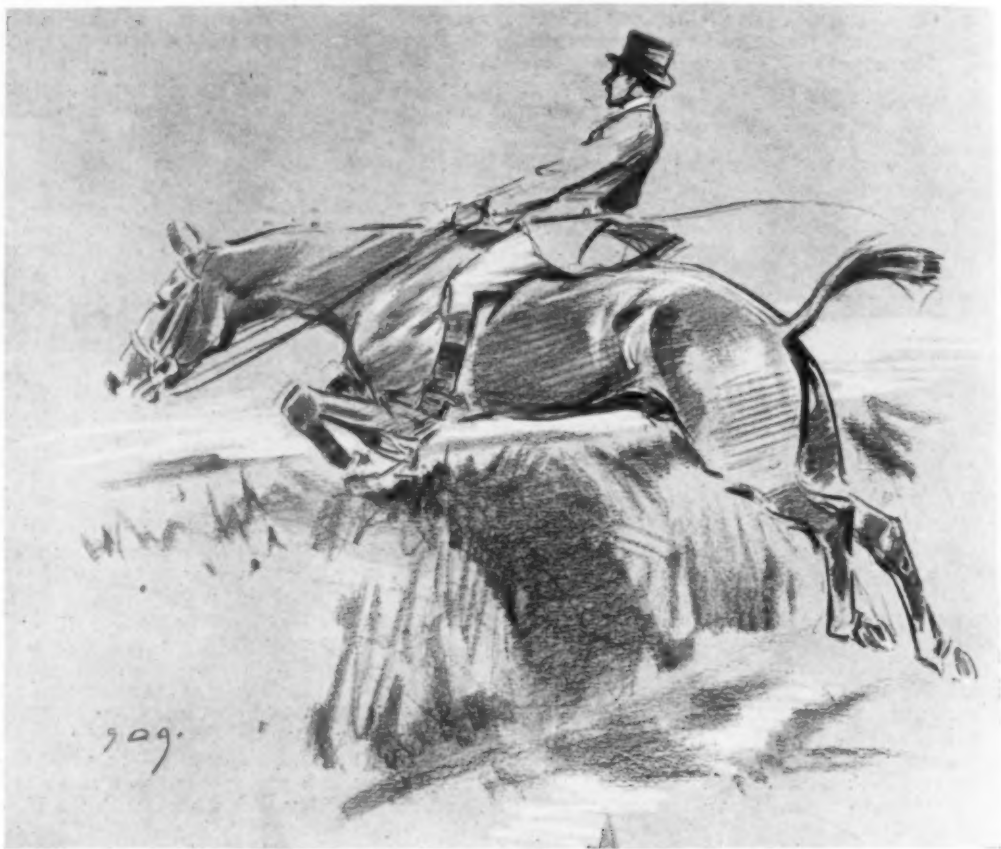
of England in the seventies, could not stand the test of time or even that of a second reading; but they made for her a day, and it is a fine thing to look back and think of the airs and graces, the assumptions and extravagances, into which this writer was carried by so sure a belief in her own greatness. Unfortunately for her, what was most striking in these novels was the most impossible. People who reconstructed the novelist from the novels imagined that she probably belonged to the type of La Pompadour, that she set convention at defiance and went her own wildly wilful way.

The hard facts were very different. Ouida's temperament was not passionate, but cold; her life was in essential respects orderly and virtuous. During the course of it she made no deep friendships, unless we except those with her dogs, which scarcely stopped short this side of idolatry. Her one love affair, that with the Marchesi della Stufa, was the sentimental affair of a woman no longer young. It was often wondered from what material she painted these guardsmen who were herculean in strength and godlike in beauty; but the truth was that she, so to speak, sent out for "copy." When keeping house in London, it is narrated that she would invite the officers of a regiment to dinner, and then, in those strict days when smoking in the presence of ladies was considered either a rudeness or a Bohemianism, light her cigarette, invite them to make the fullest use they liked of tobacco and, not minding her, talk as officers of that time used to talk in their messroom. They took her at her word, and in the case of an ordinary mortal the effect might have been fatal to decency and purity; but Ouida was so absolutely absorbed in her art that she escaped defilement from this source. She concentrated herself on grasping the character of the conversation and arranging how she could introduce it into her work. Thus, while her artist's ears were open to the conversation, her woman's ears were entirely deaf to it. There was another feature which helps to account for the falling off in public interest. Ouida missed the change that was coming in. She set the very greatest store by social rank at a time when artificial distinctions were becoming of less consequence. It was more to her during her life at Florence to be surrounded by men and women of title than to meet men of genius and intellect. In her time the classes were still divided by rigid boundaries. The aristocrat thought it beneath him to associate with the *nouveau riche* who was connected with trade; the middle classes lived very wide apart from the working classes, and so forth. In her novels Ouida seemed to assume that these regulations were as strong as the laws of Nature; whereas since then they have steadily been crumbling away. Merit may not in our time always meet recognition; but obscure birth no longer stands in the way; and for a member of one class to despise another is now accounted the height of snobbery. All that could possibly have been understood by one of Ouida's vain and petulant character. Thus her popularity went, her income decreased, and from a state of affluence she fell to one of abject poverty. This story was written on her face. Miss Elizabeth Lee, to whom great credit is due for the writing of this work, has been pitiless in showing photographs of her subject at various stages of her life. In 1878 she was still a distinguished looking woman; in 1896, bitterness and disappointment were written very clearly on her features; and in 1904, sadness and disillusion are as effectively marked. Thus a career that was in its beginning brilliant, gay and promising ran to its close in murky cloud and obscurity.

THE CRUEL FATE OF THE WORN-OUT HORSE.

SO much has been written during the past few months on the subject of the Continental traffic in old and decrepit horses, that it is hardly possible for anyone to be entirely ignorant of the facts; and yet, perhaps owing to certain improvements which have been effected during the last two years on the one hand, and to the continued existence of many of the old abuses on the other, it may be an advantage to make some statement as to the existing state of things at the present moment.

Accompanied by Mr. Percy Carew Essex and Miss A. M. Cole, I visited Antwerp a few weeks ago, and subsequently I went on to Brussels and Ghent, and we were all actually present when a number of films were taken by the cinematograph operator on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and we saw these films thrown upon the screen in Antwerp within a few minutes after they had been developed, and even before they had been finished and cleaned ready for use. I mention this since rumours have been set afloat to the effect that these films represented the traffic as it was four years ago, and not as it is to-day.



A COMPANION IN PLEASURE.

The only possible explanation of this misleading rumour is the fact that when displayed for the first time in London a few magic lantern slides taken several years ago were thrown upon the screen as a preliminary, and to give the audience an opportunity of judging as to the improvements which had taken place in various details associated with the transportation of the horses.

It must be admitted at the outset that undoubted improvements have actually taken place, thanks to the increase in the number and efficiency of the inspectors appointed by the Board of Agriculture, and I was assured by a number of most trustworthy persons living on the route traversed by the horses in Antwerp between the docks and the quarantine station, and others residing on the main road between Antwerp and Brussels, that distressing as are the sights to be seen to-day, they are not nearly as bad as they were several years ago.

The number of horses exported seems to increase year by year, but the animals are undoubtedly in better condition than formerly, which is explained by the fact that so many

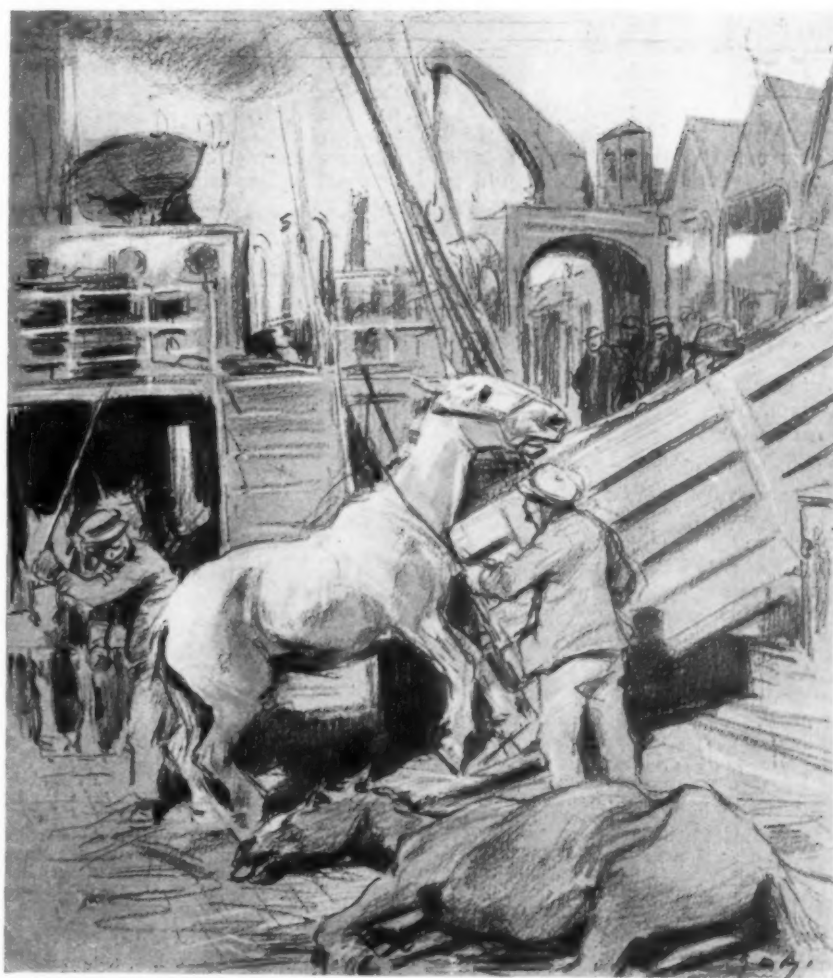


NOW WEARY, OLD AND HARD DRIVEN.



A FAITHFUL AND MIGHTY SERVANT OF MAN.

ailing and decrepit animals have been rejected at the docks in England by the Government inspectors. The effect of such rejection has been to discourage the sending of the worst animals, since the owner suffered considerable financial loss when his horse was condemned as unfit for the journey. I was informed that at the London Docks alone during the first nine months of the year 1913, thirty horses were rejected each month, equivalent to one horse every day. The arrangements for feeding and watering the horses, both in England and Scotland, and upon the Continent, as well as during the journey by sea, are much better than formerly, and in some cases, rugs are provided to



THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT'S END.

protect animals whose coats have been clipped, from the intense cold endured on the ship, and while standing at the docks and elsewhere. It is evident, therefore, that the efforts of those who have striven to ameliorate the sufferings of the horses have not been quite fruitless; but, after all, they only touch the fringe of the real subject, and we saw sufficient to convince us that nothing short of the absolute prohibition of the export of old, decrepit or infirm horses can ever satisfy the public conscience or be consistent with the dictates of humanity. We feel sure that, even under the best conditions practically attainable, such animals must suffer greatly during the sea voyage in rough and cold weather,

and after arrival at the Belgian and other ports. The supervision which is now observed throughout the journey, and so long as the horses remain within the area controlled by the authorities at the port of arrival, ceases when the poor creatures have left the city precincts for the interior, and we know that the methods of handling and killing the horses are revolting in the extreme, being neither painless, merciful nor expeditious. More than half the horses killed in rural Belgium are despatched by means of a knife plunged into the breast, and in many cases five minutes and upwards elapse between the thrust of the knife and the death of the animal, and during this terrible interval the struggles of the wretched creature are pitiable in the extreme. I have seen a horse fall and rise three times, before its sufferings ended in death.

in the form of a circular disc or button measuring nearly half an inch in diameter. A hole is punched in the centre of the animal's ear and the two halves of the brass button are made to meet and clenched together through this hole. The initial operation may not involve very great pain, but as it is not compulsory to kill these horses until ten days have elapsed, inflammation, suppuration and pain frequently supervene, and I have seen the poor animals shaking their heads in the vain endeavour to rid themselves of the foreign body piercing their ears.

A Bill to prohibit as far as possible the export of old, ailing and infirm horses was presented to Parliament last August by Captain the Hon. Arthur Murray, and is to be reintroduced by Colonel Hall Walker on Friday, April 3rd. It is confidently hoped that it will receive unanimous



PASSING TO THEIR DOOM.

When horses are condemned to death at the quarantine station and are purchased by butchers and dealers for use as food they are branded by means of a stout brass seal

support irrespective of party, and that in spite of the pressure of Parliamentary business it may speedily pass into law.

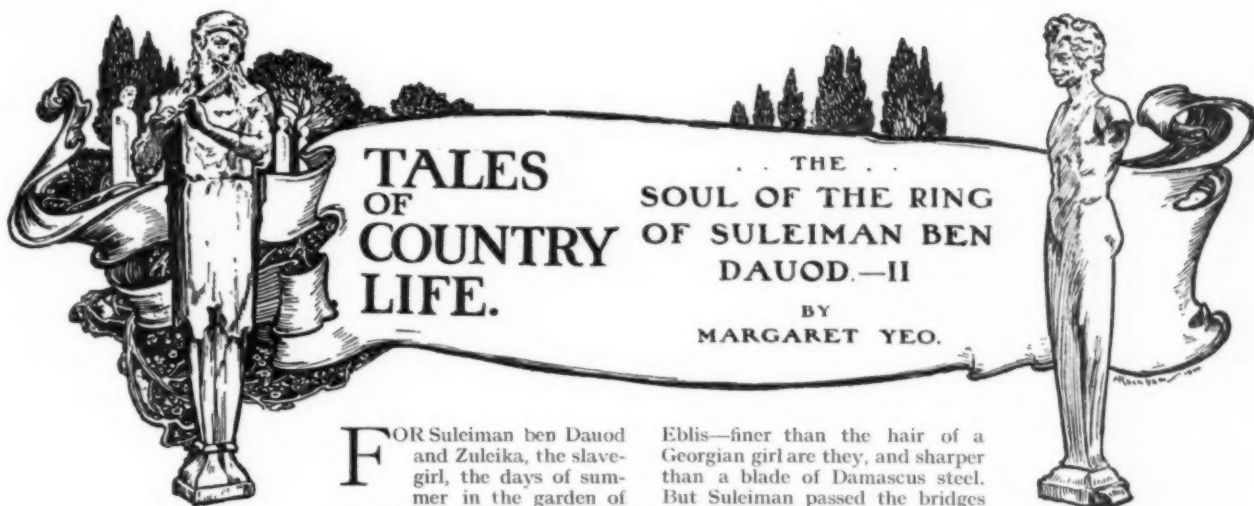
CHARLES REINHARDT.

TO RHYME.

(From a poem by Carducci.)

Rhyme, that Troubadour unfolded
When he moulded
O'er the reams his courtly art,
Falleth yet in notes that twitter
Gleam and glitter
From the ploughman's merry heart.
Slips a rhyme to lass from lover,
When they hover
Gaily whirling in the measure;
Rhyme to join them in their turning,
In their burning
Hope and unforgetting pleasure.
Gladly, too, is Rhyme beleaguer
Of the eager
Heart, a-pant for evening mirth;
If the foot of singing reaper
Through the deeper
Darkness, beat the listening earth.
She hath chanted in the fight
Roland's might
Ground to dust at Roncesvalles,
And hath breathed along the horn
Night and morn
The great name that fills the valley.
Then the charger's mane she claspeth,
Tightly graspeth,
Rough and black, in war's array

'Mid the pennons then she fareth,
And declareth
Cid's undying stirrup-lay.
In Rhone's river swiftly fleeting
She in greeting
Battle-dusty locks immergeth,
And the nightingales outvying,
Sweetly sighing,
For Toulouse her song she urgeth.
And by Rudel's rudder standing,
She commanding,
Steered the love-led argosy;
Led the kiss to lover dying
From the sighing
Countess, Maid of Tripoli.
Lo, she turned to other stories,
Other glories:
Learned Dante made her even;
Led her down to lands infernal,
And the eternal
Mountain climbed, and flew to heaven.
Hail her, Empress of the Muses;
Who refuses
Her the crown of every art!
Pray to her, a flower she bringeth;
Love she singeth;
But for Hate hath she a dart. J. B. TREND.



FOR Suleiman ben Dauod and Zuleika, the slave-girl, the days of summer in the garden of lilies fled swiftly as the nights

of summer under the moon, for they forgot all but love, and for them the world was as though it were not. But the Queen did not forget, neither did Musraim, the captain of the guard, who had loved Zuleika afore-time. And the Queen sent for Musraim, and spoke, saying: "Dost thou love Zuleika? Or is thy love turned to hate?" And Musraim answered not, but his face was as the face of a hawk that hovers above its prey.

Then the Queen drew from her belt a little dagger, with a handle of jade set with turquoises from Arabia, and Musraim took it without speech, and left the presence.

As the day drew to evening, Suleiman and Zuleika walked within the garden, and she trembled under his hand, saying: "Already the breeze blows cold from the hills, yet the winter is not here!"

For she knew not that it was the moving of the wings of Azrael, Lord of Death.

A little while and there fell a darkness, so that Zuleika spoke: "The clouds cover the face of the sky, so that there are no stars, nor light of the moon, but the time of the rains is not yet."

For she knew not that it was the shadow of Azrael, Lord of Death. And Suleiman ben Dauod, Ruler of Spirits, Master of Wisdom, knew it not, for love blinds a man till the wisest of men is no better than a fool. The darkness was sweet, as it were, with attar of roses, for the last roses had fallen beside the fountain of green marble, and the night was warm and soft as a woman's breast, so that it seemed to Suleiman and Zuleika, after the manner of lovers, that the whole world was but the setting for the wondrous jewel of their love.

Then Zuleika felt the heart of Suleiman beat against her heart, and she spoke low as the murmur of streams after the drought: "Oh, my lord! This is the perfect hour. Now is time lost in eternity."

And he answered her, his mouth against her mouth: "Soul of my soul! I ask no other Paradise but this."

And even as Allah hears the words of all men, and that which they speak without thought, He brings to pass, so now the feathers of the wings of Azrael touched Suleiman ben Dauod. For, even as the words of Suleiman were ended, Musraim, captain of the guard, struck with the Queen's dagger in the darkness; and, as he struck, Suleiman turned, and the dagger entered his breast.

Then Musraim, seeing what he had done, fled, and returned no more, for he feared with an exceeding great fear when he knew that he had smitten the Lord of Spirits. Suleiman ben Dauod then knew that his hour had come and he said: "Oh my soul! thou hast spoken truly, for time is lost in eternity. I go hence, and no more shall I return, nor ever see thee again." But she cried with an exceeding bitter cry: "Master of my life! whither thou goest, I will go. Even Azrael, Lord of Death, shall not divide us, for there is one mightier than he, even the Lord of Love."

But he answered: "Allah hath written that women have no souls—and am I greater than the Most High?"

And she cried again: "I will not leave thee, oh my life! I will go with thee, whether it be into Paradise or Hell."

And he said: "No woman has passed the Seven Bridges of Al Sirât, nor the Three Gates of Paradise. How, then, canst thou come with me?"

Then she answered, "I will come with thee, oh, my lord! for thou shalt make me the soul of the bloodstone in thy ring of iron, and upon thy finger will I enter with thee into Paradise."

As the old moon set behind the mountains of the west, the soul of Suleiman ben Dauod went forth on his long journey, and upon the finger of his left hand, in the iron ring, shone the bloodstone whose soul was Zuleika. And lo! at his coming the two angels of judgment, even Munkir and Nakir, bowed themselves, because to him had the Most High given power over all jinns and spirits, over spirits of fire and water and air. Then Suleiman came to the seven bridges that span the seven hells of

Eblis—finer than the hair of a Georgian girl are they, and sharper than a blade of Damascus steel. But Suleiman passed the bridges of Al Sirât and came to the first gate of Paradise—the gate of amethyst that is guarded by the Archangel Michael.

Then Michael, Lord of Battles, whose robe was purple as the star-lit dusk, spake, saying: "Oh Suleiman, King of the Spirits of Heaven and Earth, Master of the Dwellers of the Air and the Living Souls of the Sea, Lord of Jinns and Men, lay down thy power and the symbols of it, for no man may pass this gate till he has given back to the All-Powerful the might of the All-Powerful."

So Suleiman laid aside his robe of purple embroidered with the Sign of Power, and he laid his crown and his sceptre, his sword and his dagger at the feet of Michael, Lord of the Planets, Enemy of the Enemies of the Most High. Then he came to the second gate of Paradise—the gate of gold that is guarded by the Archangel Raphael. And Raphael, Lord of Golden Skies and the Riches of the Earth, whose robe shone like the noonday sun, spake, saying: "Oh Suleiman, Lord of Many Ships, Master of Many Workers in Gold and Ivory, in whose palaces jewels are as the sand of the sea, and gold as dust of the desert, lay down thy riches, for with them may no man enter the Paradise of the Faithful."

So Suleiman took off his jewels—diamonds and emeralds, beryls and coral and onyxes from Arabia, rubies and sapphires and turquoises from Hindustan, jade from Cathay and amber from the Far North—and they lay like the shining of a rainbow at the feet of Raphael, Lord of the Sun.

Then Suleiman came to the third gate of Paradise—the gate of silver that is guarded by the Archangel Gabriel. And Gabriel, Lord of Wisdom and Knowledge, whose robe was white as the down, spake, saying: "Oh Suleiman, to whom Allah has given wisdom and understanding, so that in thee is the knowledge of all creatures, in the heavens and beneath the heavens, lay aside thy last gifts, even thy robe of white linen, and the ironstone ring which gives thee power over all jinns and spirits, for into Paradise mayest thou carry nothing with thee."

So Suleiman took off his robe of white linen, and his years fell from him, so that he stood up naked, in the beauty of youth. And he laid his hand upon the gate to open it, but Gabriel stayed him, saying: "Not yet, oh Suleiman ben Dauod, mayest thou enter into the Paradise of the Faithful. First must thou give up the iron ring, with the bloodstone and the soul of the stone." And Suleiman pondered and then spake boldly: "Oh, my lord, the ring is the token of wisdom and power, the Key of the Hidden Gates of Light. Shall I part with the gift of the Ineffable Wisdom? Nay, by the soul of my father Dauod, I will enter into Paradise with the ring."

And Gabriel, Lord of the Moon, answered: "Art thou greater than the Most Holy, Who hath decreed that no man shall enter into Paradise save naked as he was born into the world?"

Then Suleiman looked, and lo! through the gate, that stood a little open, he saw the Paradise of Desire—a place of cedars and palm trees, of pomegranates and roses and lilies, of marble courts and cool fountains and deep shade. He looked behind him, and beneath the bridges of Al Sirât he saw the Hell of infidels and drunkards, fools and cowards, where is the torment of ever-scorching fires, and the drink of boiling fountains, and the food of dry thorns and thistles. And he stood silent, considering, while with his right hand he turned upon his left hand the ring of iron, with the bloodstone that was the soul of Zuleika. Then he remembered the words of Zuleika: "I will not leave thee, oh my life! I will go with thee, whether it be into Paradise or Hell."

So he swore a great oath, saying: "By the soul of Allah, and by the Most Holy Name which may not be uttered, I will keep my ring and go with it into Hell." And he turned from the gate of Paradise.

But Gabriel, Lord of Wisdom and Knowledge, smiled, and laid his hand upon the hand of Suleiman whereon was the ring, saying: "Lo! now will I tell thee what thou, wisest of men, knewest not, though Zuleika, humblest of thy slaves, knew it.

Behold, Love is stronger even than Azrael, Lord of Death, for Love shall endure till Izrofil shall sound the two trumpets at the Day of Judgment."

And the King bowed his head, and lo! the bloodstone that was in the ring glowed like the fire of Heaven.

So Gabriel opened the gate of Paradise, saying: "Enter now, with the ring upon thy finger, and the bloodstone, and the soul of it which is Zuleika."

So Suleiman ben Dauod, with the ring upon his finger, entered into the Paradise of the Faithful.

A KENNEL OF COCKERS.

SOME dogs, like auction bridge, tobacco or tomatoes, need knowing to win appreciation, their merits not being apparent on the first introduction. The beauties of others leap to the eye at once; there they are, plain for every man to see, whether he views them with the critical glance of a connoisseur or the more easily satisfied gaze of the inexpert. Sometimes I think that knowledge is dearly bought, narrowing as it does our field of enjoyment. The dog that is beautiful to many may be marred to us because of his inability to conform to the accepted standard of his kind in every minute detail. On the other hand, experience may

The pick of the lot are the two blacks, Champion Hampton Marquis, probably the best of his colour living, and Rickford Roosevelt. At the Kennel Club Show in October the latter was placed above his more celebrated companion for the challenge certificate, but no doubt Marquis was content with the four certificates he had already won that year. As he also earned a qualifying certificate for field work at the Horsham Trials, he is now entitled to be known as a champion. The fact that a shooting dog must hold the dual qualification makes the honour doubly great. As Mr. and Mrs. Fytche are both keen on all sorts of sport, it is but natural that the spaniels are expected



FULMER DUCHESS.



BEAN BOWDLER.



FULMER DUTCH GIRL.
Three firsts, Kennel Club, 1912.



RICKFORD ROOSEVELDT.



FULMER MAGGIE.
Champion at Richmond, 1912, and best Cocker in the show.



CHAMPION HAMPTON MARQUIS.

save us from many a pitfall when it comes to putting the hand in the pocket, for

'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn.

Concerning one breed, however, we may all have unity of opinion, few being found who do not respond to the charms of the Cocker, especially the coloured ones. Nearly all the spaniels have a way with them that one cannot withstand; it is a racial peculiarity that was observed as long ago as Elizabethan England. Did not Shakespeare write:

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

But the merriest, cheeriest, most indefatigable little fellow of them all when work is afoot or master is to be welcomed is the Cocker. In the matter of numbers, too, he is far ahead of the others, the Kennel Club registrations last year amounting to 627, against 125 field spaniels and 123 Clumbers. They never look better than in a team, such as Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fytche can produce at the Fulmer Kennels, Chalfont St. Peter. I am not surprised to learn that when Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck visited the kennels the other week they spent a considerable time among the dogs.

Although a comparatively new-comer in the exhibition world, Mrs. Fytche has addressed herself to the task with so much energy that she has got together a really sound collection of Cockers, which, during the last year or two, have made their presence felt upon the show bench in a very emphatic manner.

to work as well as look handsome, and the victory of Fulmer Spot at the last trials of the Spaniel Club was altogether popular.

The black and whites are numerically the stronger at Chalfont St. Peter, possibly because it was with a brace of this colour that Mrs. Fytche made her *début* as an exhibitor at the 1911 Ladies' Kennel Association Show, Fulmer Duchess then winning several prizes. They are a remarkably level lot, with the true spaniel character, and they always seem to be in superb condition. The foundation of the kennel was Fulmer Winnie, a bitch purchased from Mr. Charles Lawrence of Chesterton, near Cambridge; and other good matrons were acquired from various sources. For a stud dog chief reliance is placed upon the well bred Beau Bowdler, who came from Mr. R. de Courcy Peele, and is therefore stamped all over with the genuine hall-mark. He was by Champion Bob Bowdler ex Champion Shepperton Bluebell, and with this lineage the excellence of his stock calls for no comment. At the Kennel Club Show of 1912 the three prize-winners in one class were all his progeny, the principal being Fulmer Dutch Girl, who, though a puppy, headed three classes. After the succeeding Birmingham Show, Colonel Claude Cane, the judge, wrote of her as "a really good black-and-white, about the best of her colour." She carries rare bone, while her head is thoroughly typical. Fulmer Why is another real good one, except for being a bit too large; but so long as she can breed them like Fulmer Toff she will be worth her place in any kennel. At nine months old Toff was reserve to Hampton Marquis for the challenge certificate at Cruft's in 1913. Fulmer

Magpie, challenge prize winner at Richmond, is another that catches the eye; but where there are so many of nearly equal merit it would be wearisome to recapitulate one by one, or record their numerous successes in close competition.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

ITALIAN SPORTSMEN AND SPORT.

ROUGH SHOOTING.

ONE is much struck in this country, especially here, between the mountains and the sea, with the very genuine interest shown by all the people in shooting. It is quite usual on holidays and on Sundays to see the excellent tradesmen who supply us with the necessities of life, and even their shop boys, sallying forth with gun over shoulder, generally accompanied by a dog of indeterminate race. Here in Tuscany their dress is somewhat wonderful, for it is an elaborated Norfolk jacket of a pronounced military appearance, but possessing enormous side-pockets, which, in fact, extend right round the coat, and into which the birds are placed when shot. Of course, breeches and gaiters, the head adorned with a Tyrolean hat and feather, the result being that, if the sportsman be in any way successful in his quest, his figure as the day goes on becomes more and more grotesque, swollen just in those parts of the human form divine which artists tell us should be kept in restraint. Yet shooting here is not only general but very practical. It is general because there are few restrictions on the reservation of game rights and, I may add, on the "bag." One can go practically anywhere and shoot—over marsh and moor, fell and dale; whether you get anything or not is in the hands of Providence. Practically anything can be shot, from a partridge to a sparrow, and I met one gunner whose bag comprised a seagull, a snipe, a lark and a mole. Yet he was quite happy. Then shooting is very practical here; it is indulged in to add to the stock-pot. If they want something new to eat, they go out to get it, which, after all, is the basic justification for sport. But the other day, on the slopes of the mountains, while thinking of many things, I met a young sportsman. He was gaily dressed, and had the pad of some victim in his green slouch hat; but he very frankly told me that he had bought the hat as it was—pad and all. We walked for an hour or two, and I found him a cheery soul, and we talked while he thought he stalked. He shot at everything which came within or without his range; yet, as far as I could judge, caused very little inconvenience to bird or beast. Yet



MRS. RALPH FYTCHE WITH SOME OF HER PRIZE COCKERS.
Dutch Girl, Why, Duchess, Maggie, Bean Bowdler, Jane

his general bearing to all was pleasant to see. We together entered many farms, chatting with the good peasants, and were everywhere received with hospitality by them. And then we returned home, his figure amplified only by one water duck, which, I believe, he murdered sitting.

FRANCIS VANE.



MR. FYTCHE HANDLING A TEAM.

THE CROOME.



GOING TO THE HOLLOA

THIS country lies in Worcester, Warwick and Gloucestershire. The Hunt was founded by Lord Coventry (under his name) about 1867, so that it is comparatively a modern Hunt. The Coventrys have always taken, and continue to take, great interest in the Hunt, and there is generally one or more of the family out with hounds on each of the three days the pack hunt. Since Lord Coventry gave up the Mastership, various members of the

family have taken up the reins of government from time to time—the Hon. H. T. Coventry and Mr. G. O. Smith (son-in-law) from 1893 to 1899, and Mr. G. O. Smith alone from 1901 to 1909. In the latter year Lord Charles Bentinck took over the pack, hunting hounds himself. He resigns office at the end of this season, when he goes as Joint-Master to the Southwold.

During the Mastership of Lord Charles Bentinck, foxes have been greatly reduced, with a consequent improvement of sport,

as continual change has been largely eliminated. The Master's motto is Beckford's, "No foxhound can fail of killing more than three or four times following, without being visibly the worse for it." Certainly Lord Charles' tally of "kills" greatly exceeds the average killed in previous seasons under a professional huntsman, and a recent visit by the writer, after two seasons' absence, confirms the Master's judgment. Undoubtedly the sport shown is infinitely better than what it used to be as he remembers it.

Not a few members of the Croome field consider their present Master to be the best amateur huntsman of the day. In addition to being a most persevering huntsman, he is a bold horseman. It is most interesting to



THE WRONG SORT FOR THE CROOME COUNTRY.

watch the apparently leisurely way in which he goes across a country, for he is exceedingly difficult to keep near, as the writer knows, having often tried without great success!

the few jumpable brooks that exist generally take considerable toll in consequence. Good centres are Worcester, Malvern, Tewkesbury, Evesham and Pershore, the last



ON BREEDON HILL.

The greater part of the Croome country is flying fences, with ditches, and a lot of timber and a few walls on the Breedon side. There is a good deal of plough and extensive woodlands, Tiddesley Wood and Grafton and Wheethley Wood being fine strongholds for foxes. Tiddesley used to be famous for mud and the difficulty of getting foxes away. The latter trouble has lessened, the mud remains. The most suitable horse is a good timber jumper. A horse who chances timber would soon put his rider in hospital, as one cannot go far without meeting rails or timber in some form or other. There is an absence of water, and

the best, being equally good for the Thursday or Saturday country. The latter day draws the largest "fields," but it is difficult to say which is the best country. I remember that one season the somewhat despised Tuesday country showed all the best sport, while personally I have had my best fun in the Thursday country. The future of the Croome is by many



MRS. GRESSON.



"CHARLIE," THE FIRST WHIP, ON BREEDON HILL.



A MEET AT RYALL BANK.



AT TIDDESLEY WOOD: SOME OF THE FIELD.

considered to be in jeopardy. Certainly the great increase in market gardening in Worcestershire, particularly round Evesham, yearly curtails some of the best country to ride over, and even after an absence of only two seasons the writer noted a change—grass fields turned into plough, orchards and



THE MASTER, LORD CHARLES BENTINCK.

gardens—so that possibly this pessimistic outlook is not uncalled for.

L. E.

THE EARLIEST TOWN PLANS.

TOWN PLANNING is in England at least so modern a branch of architecture that it has only this month formally organised itself by the creation of an Institute of Town Planning. Professor Haverfield's little book, *Ancient Town Planning* (Clarendon Press) (itself an enlargement of two papers, one of them submitted to the Town Planning Conference of 1910, when the subject first received marked general recognition) is a reminder that we are only picking up the threads dropped when the Roman Empire crumbled.

The author wisely does not make too large a claim for the teaching of history in this matter. He says "it is not likely that modern architects or legislators will learn many hints from plans of Timgad or of Silchester. There are lessons, perhaps, in the growth of Turin from its little ancient chess-board to its modern enlargement, but such developments are rare. The great benefit to modern workers of such a survey as I have attempted is that it shows the slow and painful steps by which mankind became at last able to plan towns as units, yet inhabited by individual men and women, and that it emphasises the need for definite rules and principles." Perhaps the particular value of the study of the Hellenistic and Roman examples, which Professor Haverfield has examined with his usual lucidity and scholarship, is in their emphasis of the orderly classical spirit as opposed to the romantic outlines of mediæval town planning, or rather town growth.

In our Romano-British town of Silchester, which was more in the nature of a garden village than a city, the chess-board system of *insulae* must have given a dignity even to the congeries of buildings of distinctly rural type.



MR. W. H. TAYLOR, CAPTAIN OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE CRICKET TEAM.



THE MASTER AT A KILL.



THE pleasure with which one relates the restoration of an historical mansion lately sunk deplorably into ruin is strongly heightened when it has been the lot of the narrator to describe it in its former state. In the present writer's "Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick" (Longmans, 1901), the massive east gateway, the chief glory of Leez, is said to be floorless and windowless, given over to owls and bats, its lower storey

a stable. Within the last six or seven years, however, all this is changed. The Governors of Guy's Hospital (after their predecessors' purchase in 1753, the bulk of Lord Rich's mansion was demolished and the remainder degraded to a farmhouse), have at last consented to its sale. The Priory and its pleasure grounds passed to Mr. M. E. Hughes-Hughes, whose thorough restoration has been carried out with true historical zeal.

The fact that his attention was first bestowed upon the noble eastern gateway (shown in several of our illustrations), which forms no part of the present house but stands in isolated dignity across the outer courtyard, shows his real disinterestedness. Restoration for the satisfaction of it rather than for personal accommodation is surely the best test of a pious antiquary. It is true that a couple of fine rooms have thus been added to the not very extensive dwelling house, but when one remembers that these are approached by a winding turret stair after crossing a courtyard 150ft. square, their utility for entertaining purposes becomes less obvious. The lower room, approached by a newel stair, and with its original stone fireplace forms one of our larger illustrations. Not content with restoration only, the present owner of the Priory—for the site has never lost its name, although none of the monastic buildings remained above ground after 1536—has done more. Excavations, set on foot in 1906, have revealed the precise dimensions of the Priory church, the cloisters, chapter house, refectory and kitchen, as well as the entire range of the magnificent mansion



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EASTERN GATEWAY FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

LEEZ PRIORY : OUTER GATEHOUSE (SOUTH SIDE)

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reared by Sir Richard Rich on the old foundations in the years following 1537.

In a well wooded and undulating district, eight miles from the county town and two south of the village of Felsted, on the right bank of the little river Ter, Leez Priory lies nestled in a green hollow. Although the Braintree-London Road passes within a couple of miles the buildings remain unseen. The lanes by which they are approached drop sharply down hill before even a glimpse of the red turrets can be gained. This is suggested, I think, by the distant fields and hedgerows appearing in the background of the photograph of three of the graceful chimney shafts, taken on the leaded roof of the eastern gatehouse. On a finial of the battlement is the restoration tablet of the present owner, placed there upon completion of the roof in 1909. Upon this spot towards the year 1200 there was founded by

Ralph Gernon, of an old Essex family, a priory for about nine canons of the Augustinian order. It was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Evangelist, and endowed with rich lands and rectories in Essex and Suffolk. In 1381 the prior had licence to enclose one hundred acres in Little Leighs for a park. Part of the great Forest of Essex lay around, and, by bishop's injunction of an even earlier date, the monks were forbidden ever to go into "the wood, the town or elsewhere without leave of the prior, and then only with an honest companion." The last prior, Thomas Ellys, with sub-prior and seven canons signed the oath of July 6th, 1634, acknowledging the King and not the Pope to be head of the English Church, and in 1636 the priory, which ranked fourth among the smaller Essex monasteries, was dissolved. By the inventory of goods we find there were five bells ringing from the central tower, and by the recent excavations it is



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EASTERN GATEHOUSE, FROM THE OUTER COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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EASTERN GATEHOUSE AND THE INNER COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

known that the Priory church measured eastward of that tower 46ft. 8in., and westward, the nave, 80ft. in length. The cloister, on the north side, measured 79ft. east to west, by 78ft. north to south. The foundations have not been covered in, and form a feature of the greatest interest, as may be guessed by the accompanying plan.

In May 1536, the Priory, with all its manors and livings in Essex, was given by Henry VIII. to his Solicitor-General, Sir Richard Rich, whom he had made Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations for disposal of the land, (a third of the whole of England), which then passed from the clergy to (a few of) the laity. This astute lawyer had risen from height to height over the heads of his former friends, sometimes, as in the case of Sir Thomas More, by an unscrupulous use of secret information. Whether a Papist or a Protestant wind filled his sails was all one so that his barque sped on. Enriching himself by Henry VIII.; claiming Henry's promise of a barony from the young son who succeeded him; swearing fealty to Lady Jane Grey, but assisting at Mary's coronation; entertaining Queen Elizabeth at Leez: he was ready for each change, salving meanwhile his still troubled conscience by founding masses, almshouses, and at last a Grammar School in his adjoining manor of Felsted.

The same year that he acquired Leez, Rich married, began to demolish the Priory and to rear on its foundations the mansion of which now only the two gateways, and some two-fifths of the buildings formerly surrounding the outer court, remain. Vast quantities of bricks must have been made on the spot of the Essex clay well suited to the purpose. It has been suggested that the rectangular basins, a series of which can be traced for a mile and more in the meadows bordering the stream towards Felsted, represent his diggings for clay, and not, as tradition has it, the monks' fish-ponds. But the seventeenth century name—Pond Park—of the house near them, where Arthur Wilson lived, and the existence of the decoy, point to the last ascription.

The outer gatehouse, doubtless on the site of the original monastic entrance, remains in excellent preservation. It occupied the centre of the south side of the outer range; its outer archway is surmounted by a stone panel carved with the achievement of Rich. Though not intended for doors, those from the eastern gatehouse have been now conveniently fitted here. On the courtyard side the panels of the massive oak doors have rich Gothic traceried heads, and have been glazed at the top; a small wicket has been fitted both outside and inside. The plaster excrescence



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ENTRANCE GATEHOUSE, FROM THE OUTER COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

adjoining the inner archway on the right was added for a staircase in the farmhouse days. Returning to the entrance the angle turret on the right contains an oak newel stair leading to the present billiard-room of fine dimensions. Below are cellars with windows back and front near the ground level—as shown in the print by the Brothers Buck dated 1738. The windows to the left of the gateway and the drawing-room were rebuilt, and the battlemented parapet restored by Mr. Hughes-Hughes recently. This room contains fine original panelling and the large open fireplace. The western range of the outer court is almost intact. It consists of kitchens, stables, etc., and has for centre a fine gable. Fronting this range lies a large sheltered garden whose

massive walls are pierced with a door leading to the lake, partly surrounded by a woodland walk. On the edge of a large adjoining pond, originally called the "stank," stands the Fisherman's Hut, a relic of the monks, as the great brick barns are of Rich. The inner and outer face of this kitchen wing are both illustrated. The importance and grandeur of the eastern gatehouse gain considerably by its present isolation; to this also its height contributes, which is actually about fifteen feet more than the south gatehouse. It led from the outer to the inner courtyard, around which Rich's dwelling apartments were clustered, and it is interesting to note that this court corresponded exactly with the monks' cloister, and that it is now outlined by the clipped velvet of a yew hedge (seen in our first picture).



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WESTERN WING AND EASTERN GATEWAY SEEN ACROSS THE HOME POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Here, then, is the very heart of the demesne. Near the centre stands a beautiful little fountain or conduit of running water, supplied, as were all the ponds, tanks, moat, etc., from the

tiny river Ter. Rich's water-works and sewerage system were so elaborate that mysterious conjectures have been hazarded about underground passages leading to Pleshey Castle, with other absurd hypotheses. A witty visitor, perhaps Countess Mary's brother, Robert Boyle, whose designation for Rich's "secular Elysium" (to quote the Chaplain Walker) was "delicious Leez," may also have been answerable for the play on its name giving "Les Eaux" as an alternative to Leez. This spelling, revived by the present owner, dates from the



FOUNTAIN IN CLOISTER GARTH.

time when Rich, on February 26th, 1548, was created Baron Rich of Leeze. He was made Lord Chancellor in October of the same year, but resigned the Great



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ON THE LEADS.

"C.L."

Seal in 1551, when he retired to Essex to spend the remaining seventeen years of his life. Through this splendid gateway Queen Elizabeth passed on three occasions when she stayed at Leez, once in the builder's lifetime, August 21st to August 25th, 1561; twice in that of his son, the second Lord Rich, September 18th, 1571, and August 12th to August 15th, 1579. Buck's print, engraved shortly before its destruction, shows the large pointed western window and pinnaced timber lantern of the great banqueting hall, 53ft. by 23ft. 6in., built over the eastern nave of the church.



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SOUTH GATEHOUSE AND EASTERN GABLE FORMED BY THE 1753 DEMOLITION.

"C.L."

The beauty of this archway on the outer side, the carved spandrels of fleur de lys and Tudor rose, are shown in detail in our first photograph. The shield gives the arms of the second Earl of Warwick, impaling those of his first wife, Frances Hatton (formerly Newport), a great heiress.

In a few years four centuries will have fled since this glorious pile of many-patterned brickwork was built. Amid the long procession of famous men and women whose feet

to the gay life of Courts and the outer world where she was made to shine. The coping-stone to his grandfather's, the Lord Chancellor's, fortunes was reached when this dour husband was made, in 1618, a few months before his death, Earl of Warwick.

Penelope's son Robert, the second Earl, whose gentle eyes and keen, aquiline face look out from Van Dyck's portrait at Holkham, comes next to mind. Strange descendant, this



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RESTORED FIRST FLOOR ROOM IN EASTERN GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have trod beneath the quarterings, four or five principal figures stand out in relief. Beautiful Penelope Rich, sister of the famous Essex, step-daughter of the courtly Leicester, lover and afterwards wife of Mountjoy (Earl of Devonshire), the Stella of Philip Sidney's Sonnets, was married by her guardian to the "rich Lord Rich" (third baron) in 1581. Until 1601, when he divorced her, she must often have crossed this threshold, escaping from her solemn and uncouth husband

pious, steadfast Puritan and Parliamentarian, from the persecutor of martyrs, the time-server, the unscrupulous Chancellor of the changing times of Henry and his three children and successors. Warwick also lived in changing times; a sailor and coloniser of the far West, Lord High Admiral and Member of the Council, he bid for constitutional rights, but sternly against the execution of a King. In Warwick's time Leez was surrounded by three parks

IN THE GARDEN.

THE WATER-LILY TULIP.

THIS beautiful Tulip is almost, if not quite, the first of its race to open in spring, the blossoms in a normal season being fully developed before March has departed. It is a delightful Tulip in every respect, and one can only assume that it is because it is not well known that it is so seldom grown. Its botanical name, under which it is usually listed in bulb catalogues, is *Tulipa kaufmanniana*, but owing to the half-opened flowers closely resembling those of a miniature Water Lily, it is often referred to in gardens as the Water-Lily Tulip. The petals are deep cream at the uppermost parts, the centre of the flower being rich golden yellow. Frequently the exterior is striped rich carmine, and the blossoms are slightly fragrant. It is not a difficult Tulip to grow, but the bulbs ought to be planted comparatively early, *i.e.*, during September or October, at a depth of about four inches. As its full beauty is only revealed when the flowers are partly open, it should be planted in a position where the sun can reach it for the greater part of the day. Almost any good garden soil suits it, except that which is waterlogged. In addition to the type plant there is a very beautiful variety named *T. kaufmanniana aurea*. As its varietal name indicates, this has blossoms of rich golden yellow, handsomely feathered on the exterior with scarlet. At present it is too rare for general cultivation outdoors, but it is a charming plant for growing in pots for the conservatory, the bulbs being potted up in ordinary potting soil in August and September and treated in the usual way adopted with other Tulips and Daffodils grown in pots. May I suggest that readers of gardening notes should enter particulars of such flowers as these in their diaries, so that when planting time comes they will not be forgotten? Thus, for about the third week in August



THE WATER-LILY TULIP, *TULIPA KAUFMANNIANA*.

This is one of the earliest to flower.

a note might be made as follows: "Water-Lily Tulip, COUNTRY LIFE, April 4th, page 494. Order bulbs now." By so doing the garden will become interesting at all seasons, and many good and interesting plants will not be overlooked.

TWO BEAUTIFUL MAGNOLIAS.

The two Magnolias illustrated herewith are good and beautiful kinds for nearly all gardens, and one has no hesitation in recommending them to all who appreciate spring flowers. *M. stellata*, as its name implies, has star-shaped, pure white flowers, and is usually the first to open its blossoms, these generally unfolding about the first week in April. In one respect this is a drawback, as they are liable to get damaged by early morning frosts. However, it is such a beautiful shrub that this risk is well worth taking. Unlike most of the tribe, *Magnolia stellata* never attains a great size, forming at its full development a close spreading bush six feet or so high. *M. soulangeana*, a fine tree, which is shown in the largest illustration, is generally considered to be a hybrid between *M. conspicua* and *M. purpurea*. It flowers about three weeks later than *M. stellata*, and has large white blossoms deeply flushed with purple on the exterior. These are produced in abundance, and a well grown tree, some fifteen feet to twenty feet in height, is as charming a picture as one could wish for in early spring. Magnolias appreciate deeply cultivated and well enriched loamy soil to which some peat and leaf-mould has been added. They can be successfully planted either in September, March or April; but as they are impatient of disturbance, they should be left alone as much as possible. Most nurserymen supply young plants in pots, and these are the best to purchase. Both illustrations provide an excellent object-lesson in effective planting. It will be seen that the Magnolias are situated in front of dense belts of



E. J. Wallis

THE STAR-FLOWERED MAGNOLIA (*M. STELLATA*) EFFECTIVELY PLANTED WITH A BACKGROUND OF DARK-LEAVED TREES AND SHRUBS.

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trees and shrubs. These answer a two-fold purpose—they provide shelter from north and east winds, which mar the flowers in spring, and form a dark background, which emphasises the glistening purity of the blossoms. These are points that ought to be remembered when it is decided to plant and grow Magnolias.

F. W. H.

BERRIED SHRUBS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

DURING the autumn and winter months, when rock garden flowers are by no means plentiful, the dwarf Cotoneasters, with their scarlet or red berries, and, in some instances, evergreen foliage, are interesting and beautiful. There are several species well adapted for planting at the summits of good-sized boulders, over which their neat, close-growing branches can trail; or, if preferred, such as *C. horizontalis* can be planted at the foot of a large rock, which, as it grows, it will hug so closely as to almost appear to be part of the rock itself. This is a deciduous species, but in autumn and winter its branches are bespangled with scarlet berries. *C. microphylla*, as its name implies, has very small leaves. It forms a neat little shrub, and is evergreen. It has red berries, and is perhaps the best of the older species for the rock garden. *C. rotundifolia* is deciduous or sub-evergreen, the leaves being nearly round and dark

not perhaps quite so typically alpine as those that bloom from April till July, are, nevertheless, well worthy of inclusion. There are, of course, a great many annual flowers, the seeds of which can be sown *in situ* during the next few weeks. Among these, mention must be made of *Albionia umbellata* (rosy pink flowers), *Alyssum Snow Carpet* (white), *Alonsoa Warscewiczii* (scarlet); sow in poor soil; *Phacelia campanularia* (deep blue), *Portulaca* (various colours, needs a sunny place), *Silenes* in variety, dwarf Candytufts, *Virginian Stock* (sow second week in June for August effect), *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca* (with rich orange flowers) and *Leptosiphon hybridus* (a little gem, with blooms of various hues). The two last-named need a sunny spot. *Ionopsidium acaule* (lilac), *Linarias* or *Toadflax* in variety, *Nemophila insignis* (pale blue, sow in June), *Saponaria calabrica* (rose and white) and *Swan River Daisy* (blue) must also be included. This list could, of course, be very much extended, but enough have been named to show that with annuals alone the rock garden could be made attractive at the season named.

Famous Rock Gardens in Autumn.—Apart from annual flowers, there are a great many good plants to select from, and the following lists, compiled when the plants were in bloom the first week in September last should serve as a guide to those who are interested in this phase of rock gardening. The plants named represent the pick of a considerable number. At Sir Frank Crisp's famous garden at Friar Park the following were selected:



E. J. Wallis.

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MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA, A BEAUTIFUL HYBRID THAT FLOWERS DURING APRIL OR EARLY MAY.

green in colour. It has red berries, which are usually produced in abundance. All three are natives of the Himalayas, and are not difficult to grow. *C. adpressa* was introduced to this country from China some years ago, and promises to be a very useful shrub for the rock garden. It is of very dwarf habit and deciduous, but before they fall the leaves turn a beautiful orange colour. It has small pink flowers, which are succeeded by red berries. *C. humifusa* or *C. Dammeri* only grows a few inches high, and is admirably adapted for trailing down the face of a projecting rock. It is evergreen, the foliage taking on a fine tint in autumn, which harmonises well with its scarlet berries. All these Cotoneasters like good loamy soil, and *C. humifusa* appreciates a little peat mixed with the loam. They should be given a fairly deep root run; a foot is not too much for *C. horizontalis*, *C. rotundifolia* and *C. microphylla*. All can be successfully planted early in April, but it is advisable to obtain plants that have been established in pots.

THE ROCK GARDEN IN AUTUMN.

Before the planting season is over, it is advisable to revert to a subject that was dealt with in these pages last autumn, viz., the advisability of including in the rock garden a number of plants that flower during August and the early part of September. At that season, when most owners of gardens are able to take some leisure, the rock garden is all too often devoid of flowers. This need not be, as there is a goodly host of plants that, although

Dianthus gallicus, *Lysimachia Henryi*, *Sedum Sieboldii*, *S. pulchellum*, *S. middendorffianum*, *Lithospermum prostratum*, *Pratia angulata*, *Asperula hirta*, *Erpetion reniforme*, *Asperula bupthalmiflora*, *Silene Schafta*, *Ceratostigma plumbaginoides*, *Polygonum affine*, *Erigeron mucronatum*, *Erodium olympicum*, *Acena microphylla*, *Campanula* (muralis) *portenschlagiana*, *Hypericum reptans*, *Tunica Saxifraga* and *Chrysogonum virginianum*.

At the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley we found the following flowering well: *Oenothera Arendsii*, *Campanula garganica alba*, *Silene Schafta*, *Parochetus communis*, *Verbena venusta*, *Polygala Chamæbuxus*, *Erodium macradenum hybridum*, *Spharalcea munroana*, *Achillea Kellereri*, *Papaver spicata*, *Hypericum aegyptiacum*, *Vittadenia triloba*, *Calamintha grandiflora*, *Polygonum Brunonis*, *P. vacciniifolium*, *Gentiana Karroo*, *Zauschneria californica*, *Acena microphylla*, *Solidago brachystachys*, *Chrysogonum virginianum*, *Sedum caruleum*, *S. Sieboldii*, *Cyclamen græcum* and *C. neapolitanum*.

At Sir Edmund Loder's garden at Leonardslee the following were chosen: *Androsace lanuginosa*, *A. l. Leitchlinii*, *Potentilla Miss Willmott*, *Primula capitata*, *Wahlenbergia saxicola*, *Cyclamen hederacifolium*, *C. h. album*, *Erica vulgaris flore pleno*, *E. mackayana*, *Odontosperma maritima*, *Campanula Hendersonii*, *C. portenschlagiana*, *Spharalcea munroana*, *Polygonum Brunonis*, *P. vacciniifolium*, *Desfontainea spinosa*, *Oenothera speciosa rosea*,

Gypsophila repens monstrosa, *Philesia buxifolia*, *Astilbe simplicifolia*, *Antirrhinum Asarina*, *Gentiana asclepiadea* and *Saxifraga cortusoides*. In addition to these the charming little Harebell, *Campanula rotundifolia*,

ought to be included. Its pale blue flowers are produced in abundance during August and September, and it is one of the best plants for the rock garden at that season.
H.

THE SPORTS AND THE BOAT RACE.



THE START FOR THE MILE.

THERE is an electric thrill in an Inter-University match different in kind from that of any other trial between teams, however keen and hard-playing their members may be. It is a matter of sentiment, and is not lost even though the spectator goes resignedly to see his own side lose, for he hopes at least to see them lose gallantly, and to be able to cheer the better men without envy or reserve. But infinitely greater is his pleasure and excitement when he sees his own University win.

The sports this year promised to be well worth seeing, whichever University one had the honour of belonging to, and it cannot be said that the promise was not fulfilled. The very opening was dramatic, Macintosh, the Cambridge President, had ceded place to Perrot in a trial the day before, and had awarded the Christ's man his full blue. Then, in a magnificent finish, Macintosh shot past Perrot and won the race. The High Jump followed, and the versatile Ashington scored another point for Cambridge with a jump of 5ft. 8in., the Oxford first string coming second. The Hammer was disappointing; there seemed some hope of the event being won by an Englishman for once, but Freeborn could not keep the circle, and though he was throwing about 140ft. he registered no throw that counted, and the event went to the American Rhodes Scholar, Adams, for the rather poor performance of 123ft. 7in.

The Hurdles also proved a disappointing race. The time was a slow one, but the grass was sodden. Ashington, who numbered it among his three victories last year, was not running well; he started badly, stumbled over the fifth hurdle, and received an even worse check at the sixth; but to the writer he did not look like winning all through, and as the Cambridge second string fell, the two Oxford men were left to finish alone. It must be remembered that Ashington had barely finished high jumping before he had to run again. But we are anticipating, for Atkinson's

magnificent Half-mile was the event of the day. It was not a record, truly, and two of these were made; but everyone predicted victory for the American Rhodes Scholar, Taber, and the most Chauvinistic among old Cantabs had, mentally, awarded this point against their University, but they had reckoned without Atkinson and his second string, Lloyd, both game runners of fine judgment and pluck. Lloyd led for the first 300yds., and he made the pace a hot one, then Taber went ahead, and the quarter was done in 55sec. The race looked as if it was Taber's, but Atkinson was hanging on to his heels, though to anyone not used to his extraordinary style he appeared to be absolutely done, but in the top straight Atkinson went up. One felt that he had shot his bolt, but he was ahead, and, taking the last corner in fine style, he flashed down the straight with a dozen yards to spare, absolutely run out. His friends half carried him back; but his time has only been beaten twice. It was a magnificent race—the race of the Sports from a spectacular point of view—and it won the day for Cambridge.

The Mile held no element of surprise; the only real feature was the plucky running of Gawan-Taylor, the Cambridge second string, who finished very few yards behind the Oxford President and Olympic miler. Jackson did not attempt to lower Henderson-Hamilton's record of 4min. 17 4-5sec., nor, perhaps, could he have done so with the track as slow as it was on the day, but he ran a fine race with great

judgment, made sure of scoring his point for Oxford and romped home, looking as fresh as possible, in the useful time of 4min. 23 1-5sec.

The Quarter followed. The Cambridge second string, Perrot, led off at a full sprint and kept the lead for some way; then Rudd went ahead and looked like a winner in the sprint straight, but in the home straight Gordon Davies went up, and the pace was too hot for Rudd, Davies winning comfortably in a time (50sec. dead) which is only three-fifths of a second more than Macmillan's record.



R. S. WOODS PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

The Weight everyone knew must go to Wood if he were in form, and Lindesay, the Cambridge second string, promised to win the event if the full Blue were not; but Wood won with a put of 41ft. tin., which is a record for an Englishman at Queen's Club, so even this event did not lack interest.

Cambridge still had not won the match. They were, however, dormy two, but the Three Miles was a certainty for Oxford, and there were three Australians in for the Long Jump—all good men, but somewhat unknown quantities—and the Long Jump was the deciding event; everything depended upon Ashington's form. Ashington beat his last year's record with 23ft. 6½in., and Cambridge had won. But there was no anti-climax. In the Three Miles race another record was broken; F. S. Horan's record had stood for twenty-one years, and now Sproule, the Oxford cross-country Blue, winning in the magnificent time of 14min. 34.45sec., lowered it by nearly ten seconds, while Gaussen of Berkhamsted, who won last year, was only beaten by 2yds., and Byrne-Johnson, the Cambridge first string, was not far behind and well within the old record.

W. H. L.

THE BOAT RACE.

Expectations of a keen race were disappointed, as Cambridge went away from the start, established a lead, which they increased, and which they never appeared to be in danger of losing, although Oxford stuck to them doggedly and tried by frequent spurts to retrieve the ground they had lost. At one time at the beginning of Corney Reach, where the water was rough owing to the south-east wind, Oxford gained very slightly, but again began to fall away. It is probable that rougher conditions would have suited the Oxford crew better, as they were slightly the longer crew and had a better finish, which though it would have told in their favour, would have made no difference to the result of the race, which proved that Cambridge were undoubtedly considerably

the faster. It is also probable that it would have been a much closer race had Oxford been able to hold their opponents a little longer than they did at the start and over the first mile of the course. As it was Cambridge, by establishing a lead so soon, were able to settle down and get together steadily after a rather flurried start, and because they were a good deal faster than Oxford at the beginning they reaped their reward by gaining their lead and settling down to such comfort as so arduous a contest permits. Their rowing improved as they went on, and along Duke's Meadows they were rowing very nicely and apparently well within themselves, while Oxford, though rowing less well, were more uniform throughout, and although they were the losing



H. S. O. ASHINGTON'S RECORD LONG JUMP.

both probably would have improved a great deal. The former would do a great deal better on stroke side.

While the Oxford crew were below the average, Cambridge were rather above it, though they seemed just to miss being a really fine crew. Their beginning was not sharp and firm enough, while their finish was weak. On the other hand, they were very lively, especially for so heavy a crew, and owe their pace to the fact that while the blades were working they were working hard and together. They were very well stroked by Mr. Tower, and the crew owe their liveliness to him and to Mr. Buxton. The former was well backed up by Mr. Clark, although he was not rowing so well as he was in the Leander crew at Henley in the summer. He seems much more comfortable

on bow side than he does on stroke. Their pace during the latter part of the practice was underrated, as their time of 4min. 4sec. to the mile post was good in view of the fact that it was not a fast day, while their slowness over the course, compared with the fast times that have been done, must be discounted by the fact that they did not have a

hard race, and consequently were not pushed to their utmost, and that the tide was not a good one and that a great quantity of land water was coming down. They were, moreover, rather disconcerted by the wash of a steamer which preceded them up the course.

Mr. S. E. Swann is to be congratulated not only on the success of his crew, but also upon the crew itself, which was really a very good and promising one, as their bodies and blades were well together and their style on the whole good. Their success should have a very beneficial effect upon Cambridge rowing, as, apart from everything else, a win after a series of defeats is most stimulating in any inter-university contest and will do both sides good. HAROLD BARKER.



ABSOLUTELY RUN OUT: R. E. ATKINSON WINS THE HALF MILE.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE INSECT AND THE PUTTING GREEN.

THE letter which we published from Professor Maxwell-Lefroy regarding the discovery of an insect which preys upon and destroys greens has produced a crop of letters from various distinguished people who have a great deal to do with putting greens.

AT SUNNINGDALE AND SWINLEY FOREST.

From a letter from Mr. H. S. Colt it appears that he has been particularly marked out as a victim, since the two courses with which he is chiefly associated have both been attacked. "For many years past," he says, "the Sunningdale greens have been affected in the manner described. And during the last two years those at Swinley Forest have been still more severely attacked. Samples of the turf have been sent to many different authorities, and the information obtained has been somewhat contradictory. Some have put down the mischief to a plague of eel-worms, others to a fungous disease, and others could throw no light on the subject. . . . It is, however, quite possible that, although similar symptoms are shown, there may be different enemies at work. Lime, free drainage and a porous surface will enable us to defeat most of our foes, especially if only a very moderate amount of strong nitrogenous manures be given to the grass. Anything in the nature of stagnant water must spread disease, and some green keepers are possibly a trifle too fond of strong forcing stimulants."

GRUBS AT SANDY LODGE.

Mr. Markes of Sandy Lodge, the scene of this week's gutty ball match, is sending a piece of weedy turf containing some highly suspicious grubs to Professor Lefroy. "I was much interested," he writes, "in the article in your issue of March 21st on a grub which had been discovered on two golf courses near London. From the description it appears to me to be the same grub that I found here three years ago. On referring to my file, 'Insect Pests,' I find that samples of the turf containing nests of grubs were submitted to two authorities, one of whom thought that they were the grubs in an early stage of the Daddy-longlegs. The other authority identified them as the grub of the St. Mark's fly. I got rid of them that season by opening up the nests to the air, more particularly to the sun, and, no doubt, this also made them an easy prey to the birds."

TOP-DRESSING AND WORM-KILLER.

Peter Lees of Mid-Surrey, who is generally recognised as being at the head of the green-keeping profession, is one of the lucky persons whose greens have so far not been attacked. He is keenly interested, however, and has been trying to discover a solution of the mystery. He says: "It seems strange that it should appear all at once, especially on putting greens, and perhaps you might get at the proper solution by asking what kind of top-dressing has been applied to the greens lately . . . and also what kind of worm-killer has been applied, if any."

Another of the lucky ones is Mr. Abercromby, the architect and benevolent despot of Coombe Hill, who is now engaged on making a wonderful course at Addington. He has never met the insect in question and hopes not to.

MAGGOTS AND LEATHER JACKETS.

Professor Lefroy has been so kind as to give us some particulars of the answers he has had to his enquiry. They have come from Sandy Lodge, mentioned above, Acton, Burnham, Flackwell Heath and a seaside course not specified. Of these, Burnham seems to possess the genuine article. As regards the specimens of that from Sandy Lodge, Professor Lefroy says that he "will have to breed out the beasts and see." At Acton and Flackwell Heath and also at the anonymous seaside course it is a case of the leather jacket and not the mysterious maggot. The authorities at Swinley Forest, which Mr. Colt mentions as a course peculiarly victimised, have already sent in their specimens of turf some time ago. It appears that the leather

jackets are really serious enemies, and they will therefore have the honour of being included in the investigations. Experiments are being made at Acton this week. It may be well to point out that this investigation is one that will take a considerable time, and no results at all will be obtained for several weeks.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CAPTAINS.

Friday in this week will see Mr. McClure of Oxford and Mr. Yerburch of Cambridge meeting as the leaders of their respective sides in the University match at Rye. Both are good players, but, as far as we have yet seen, Mr. McClure is the better. He is quite one of the best golfers that have played for either University in the last few years, with a style that is both graceful and powerful, and a good fighting temperament. Last year at Hoylake he and Mr. Yerburch also met; a very interesting match they had. At one time Mr. McClure had a very long lead, but Mr. Yerburch stuck to him with such courageous pertinacity that under the strain of being hunted he lost



THE OXFORD CAPTAIN, MR. W. F. MCCLURE.

something of his accuracy, and only won in the end on the "Royal" green. On the whole, one may expect history to repeat itself in this match, and Oxford should draw first blood. There are some enthusiastic supporters of Cambridge who believe that this is almost the only match that Oxford will win, but personally, though I share their desires, I cannot share their opinions. Cambridge have done one astonishingly brilliant performance against Sunningdale, several sound ones and a few weak ones, and Oxford have done nothing very good and some things, such as in their last match at Woking, quite bad. Cambridge ought to win, but looking at the teams name by name I cannot see where the overwhelming superiority of Cambridge comes in—I wish I could. It seems to me quite conceivable that there will be a close finish.

MR. BARRY AND MR. HUMPHRIES.

I do not know as I write what will be the exact order of the players in the two teams. The captains have a way of leaving their decisions on this point to the last available moment. However, I imagine that one match is certainly fixed, namely, between Mr. Gordon Barry of Oxford and Mr. Humphries of Cambridge. This will, I think, be the interesting match of the day. Mr. Barry is not only a former amateur champion, but the centre of a heated controversy as to the propriety of a man playing first for one University and then for the other; and Mr. Humphries is quite one of the most picturesque and dramatic as he is one of the best young golfers that have lately played in the match. There may have been players who hit the ball harder than Mr. Humphries does, and I do not believe there have been any that tried to hit it harder. His is the most glorious slogging, and if only Mr. Barry still followed through with the tremendous and exaggerated energy of Prestwick and 1905, the spectators would enjoy an orgy of hitting such as never was seen before. However, Mr. Barry has curtailed both his up-swing and his follow-through, and now plays in the style of a comparatively sedate old gentleman, though he still hits the ball a long way. The best part of Mr. Barry's game is not, however, his driving, but, as I always think at least, his putting. It won him his championship, and is still excellent, especially at some crucial moment. Nor is Mr. Humphries only a driver. His great length and his really astonishing powers of recovery make the more immediate appeal to the spectator; but that he can play all the game well is shown by his list of victories in trial matches. He, too, is a player that rises to the occasion. So that altogether this is the match I mean to watch.



THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN, MR. R. G. C. YERBURGH.

FROM THE INVADERS' CAMP.

I have lately had some news of our invaders, Mr. Travers and Mr. Herreshoff, who have so far confined themselves to Hoylake, having been playing there regularly since they landed some ten days ago. They have had some good matches with Mr. Eric Crowther, who is a very dangerous player at Hoylake, and would be just as good on any other course if he had time to go there. They also played with Mr. H. L. Nicholls, who is generally reckoned the best of all left-handed golfers, and showed them the way round with a score of 73. Mr. Travers, having, of course, been compelled to give up his Schenectady, is putting with a club having a small head and narrow face, something on the lines of the Brown-Vardon putter. It is particularly upright in the lie, so that Mr. Travers can stand right up to and over his ball, just as he does with the Schenectady, and I am told that the results are just as distressing to his adversaries. He is driving with wooden clubs, and driving pretty well too, so that there seems every reason to think he will be in good form for Sandwich, though I daresay he wishes the championship was at Hoylake instead. That is just the course for him, and Sandwich is not. It should suit Mr. Herreshoff very well, however, for he hits a high ball with plenty of carry and no great run. B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. HUTCHINSON'S REMINISCENCES.

SIR,—A reference to the "Book of Blues" shows that the first inter-

Varsity golf match took place in 1878, a fact which probably very few people remember. The players and their scores were:

OXFORD (24).		CAMBRIDGE (0).	
H. G. Hutchinson ..	3	S. G. W. Adams ..	0
A. Stuart ..	5	C. H. Spence ..	0
W. S. Wilson ..	12	W. T. Linkskill ..	0
C. K. Mackenzie ..	4	P. R. Don ..	0
In the 1879 match the embryonic Blues fared as follows:			
OXFORD (2).		CAMBRIDGE (12).	
H. G. Hutchinson ..	0	F. G. Pattison ..	5
A. Stuart ..	1	W. T. Linkskill ..	0
J. T. Cathcart ..	0	C. H. Spence ..	4
A. N. Cumming ..	0	R. C. Faithfull ..	2
C. F. Oliphant ..	1	J. T. Taylor ..	0
A. Pearson ..	0	F. H. Lehmann ..	1

G.R.E.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CONCERNING CRICKETS.

ALTHOUGH not so talented a musician as the cicada, or so marvellous a citizen as the honey-bee, the cricket has justly earned a place in that select band, the insects of the classics. This position has been won more by highly developed musical powers than by any special features in bionomics, although, as we shall see in the case of the field cricket, the life-history is of great interest. Briefly, the "chirp" of the cricket is produced in the following manner: On the inner surface of the left tegmen or forewing there is a file, while the other tegmen is provided with a sharp edge placed on a prominent part of its inner margin. By slightly tilting the two tegmina and vibrating them rapidly, the edge passes under the file, with the result that the musical chirping is produced. This stridulating apparatus, as it is called, is confined to the males, and is well shown in the photographs of the field cricket. Opinions differ as to the musical efforts of crickets; but few people could disagree with Gilbert White in his summary of their well-known song, "Sounds do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. We are more apt to be captivated or disgusted with the associations which they promote than with the notes themselves. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of everything that is rural, verdurous, and joyous."

Cricket occurs in every part of the world, and everywhere the majority of species bear a striking resemblance to one another,

though some of the tropical forms far surpass their brethren of the temperate region in size, and consequently in their musical capabilities. Thus a large Indian species can be heard distinctly at a distance of a mile or more. The sexes can be readily distinguished in the adults, the female being provided with a large, conspicuous, sickle-shaped ovipositor, and lacking the stridulating apparatus on the forewings, as pointed out above. Both the species represented in the accompanying phot graphs are found in England, the house cricket (*Gryllus domesticus*), as its name implies, sometimes occurring in great numbers in houses. Like its near relative, the cockroach, it is not a native of these islands, but was originally imported from North Africa, where it is found in a wild state; it is found all over the Old World and North America. When established in a house, a newly built one for choice, since the moisture of the walls is appreciated and the softness of new mortar enables them to burrow through from room to room, they will be found in the neighbourhood of the oven. Artificial conditions have caused them to lose all regard for the seasons, and young may be met with at any time of the year. Though chiefly nocturnal, they may be both seen and heard at any time. Nothing comes amiss as food, any kitchen refuse satisfies them as well as the choicest dainty; and should the usual food supply fail through any reason, they can subsist quite well on paper!

Cricket does not make much use of their large ample hind wings, which are folded beneath the tegmina and thus concealed when at rest; sometimes for no very obvious reason they leave a house which they have infested for years and suddenly appear

in another house where they were previously unknown. Gilbert White witnessed such a migration, and mentions having seen numbers pass him with an undulating flight like that of woodpeckers.

Unlike the house cricket, our second British representative of this genus, the field cricket (*Gryllus campestris*) is indigenous,



FIELD CRICKET DEVOURING A BLUE FLY.

being locally distributed, but common enough in its chosen haunts, which include the New Forest and other Hampshire localities, Devonshire and Cornwall; on the Continent it is found everywhere except Scandinavia; in the South of France and Italy it is especially abundant. Considerably larger than the house cricket, it may further be distinguished by the shorter wings and much darker colour; the chirp, too, is louder and more strident. It is, however, in its life history that the field cricket is most worthy of attention, and to this subject Fabre devoted one of his most delightful essays.

Though there are four species of cricket in Southern Europe, the field cricket alone excavates a fixed abode, as shown in the photographs; the other three species take what they can find in the way of shelter, either a tuft of grass or, maybe, a convenient stone. The field cricket, however, has its own burrow, and passes most of its time either inside or at its mouth, where it lies in wait for unsuspecting flies and other insects. There is never more than one individual in a burrow, though they may be close together on the ground they frequent.

The situation selected is always some dry, hot meadow, preferably on a slope into the sun. In May the males commence their shrill concerts, and in June the long, pale coloured eggs are laid in the ground; in about a fortnight these hatch, and the young crickets, pale also for a day or so, quickly turn dark coloured like their parents. They are active from birth and lead an independent life, reaching maturity in three or four months, after seven or eight changes of skin. When adult, and not till then, are the wings and tegmina fully developed and the burrows commenced. The earth is scratched away with the forelegs, any obstructing fibres or pebbles are severed or displaced by the powerful mandibles, and the whole shovelled away by the spiny hind legs. The bottom of the burrow is enlarged to form a chamber in which the tenant can repose. Here the winter is passed; but the rays of the winter sun in Southern Europe are strong enough to bring them to the mouths of their burrows to enjoy its warmth. Field crickets are exceedingly shy, and retire to the bottom at the first sound of footsteps. Fabre, that incomparable observer, tells us that the boys of Provence bolt the "grillon champêtre" by putting grass stems down the burrows, the inmates seizing hold of the stem with their mandibles and allowing themselves to be drawn out.



FIELD CRICKETS WAITING AT MOUTH OF HOLE.

Like the spider, the female cricket attacks the male when the duties of pairing are completed, often killing him outright; should he escape, he lives on until the following winter puts an end to his existence. Both in France and Italy the field cricket is kept in small cages for the sake of its song, and in Florence on Ascension Day the trade is quite brisk. A closely related Japanese form known as the "singing beetle" (*Homœogryllus japonicus*) is valued for the same purposes. A number of these were exhibited at the Zoological Society's Gardens last year.

GEOFFREY MEADE-WALDO.

NOTES AND QUERIES

A PIG WITH "HANDS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On February 11th last a sow belonging to the proprietor of the Buck Inn, Waddington, Yorkshire, had a litter of ten, one of which exhibited a strange malformation. Both the forelegs of this little pig



HOUSE CRICKETS.

terminated in four "fingers," or claws, of nearly the same length. Each of these fingers ended in a blunt-pointed, hoof-like nail. The little pig was unwisely taken away from his mother, and an attempt was made to rear him by means of a baby's sucking bottle, with the result that he died on February 14th. The sow was of the ordinary white Yorkshire breed, and she reared the remaining nine normal young ones with success. It would be interesting to know whether there is on record any case similar to that described above.—F. J. I.

WHEATEARS AND BUMBLE BEES. [TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As it does not seem to be usual for small birds (except the red-backed shrike) to eat bumble bees, probably owing to the irritating, hairy skins of the insects, perhaps the following may be of some interest to your readers. Last September I saw a pair of wheatears pecking at three bumble bees (the black bee with an orange tipped abdomen) which had evidently been carried by the birds to the top of the five-foot rock on which they were found. The bees

were crippled, but still reeling about, and while I examined them the birds fluttered round me, calling in great excitement. Subsequently I dissected four birds taken from different parts of the district on different dates, and the stomachs of three of them contained the remains of bumble bees. These wheatears belonged to the large race—*Enanthe æ leucorrhoa*—and were passengers on migration.—MAUD D. HAVILAND.

THE EXCESSIVE HEIGHT OF YOUNG POLO PONIES

THIS week we again print a selection from the great number of able and well informed letters which are being sent to us in regard to the alleged excessive height of young Polo Ponies. Among them is a communication from "Heather" whose original letter started the controversy. He makes several practical suggestions which no doubt will receive the careful consideration of the Council of the National Pony Society at their impending meeting.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the letter signed "Heather," and quite understand the gentleman's feelings. My experience is that nearly everyone who breeds ponies starts by getting them too small at first. I know that I did, and that I am only now beginning to breed them with size and scope enough. He mentions that the two year olds appeared to him to be over 14h. I hope and think they are, merely because I have found, and I am sure many other people have also, that a pony that is well done from a foal, although it will fill out it will not grow much after it is three years old. On the other hand, a pony that is badly done and very weedy at three years old, will go on growing till it is full five, and often after it has turned six. I am certain it is best and cheapest to do your ponies well while they are young. That is the time that the bone is growing, and although I am aware different soils and different grasses are better than others, I venture to say that nothing develops bone and substance like a few crushed oats a day during the winter and at such times as the feed is poor. Three years ago I won the yearling colt class with The Little White Knight, by White Wings out of Oh! My II. I think I am right in saying that it was the first year we took the height limit off young stock classes, and I remember then people talking about his size, also afterwards as a two year old. Now he is being broken as a four year old, and when he is ready for sale I know the buyer's question will be, "How much for the little chestnut pony?" for he is only just 14h. zin. The same year I showed The Barone, by Sandiway out of Ashorne; he was third in the same class, a beautiful, compact, bony, short-backed yearling, and, everyone said, the right size and sort. Now, as a four year old, he is hardly 14h. Neither of these ponies will grow any more. I then put Ashorne to Spanish Hero; the produce of that was Ash. He was third to my colt, Ulster Day, as a yearling at the 1913 spring show. Now he is a good two year old; but had I sent him to London this year, he would have been said to have been too small, and I fear he will not be quite big enough. The next horse I put Ashorne to was the thoroughbred Hanover Square, and the produce of that was Black Fashion, which won everywhere as a foal last year, and won the yearling filly class at the spring show this year. She is now 13h. 3in., and I think, will grow into a first-class pony. I have only given this one mare's stock as an example to your correspondent. I thought she was a good example, being a mare who has played a lot of polo, and as a brood mare has held her own with the best in the show world. I do not agree with him that the dread of a polo breeder is that the stock should grow too big. Quite the reverse. I dread they should not be big enough, for there is a good market for those that are too big, but a very limited one for the small ones. I think, as a member of the Polo Pony Society Council, I may say we have done all we can to get the young polo-bred ponies bigger of late years, as we found most breeders were getting them too small. At any rate, as I mentioned before, we have taken the height limit off the young stock classes and raised the height of the stallions to 15h. In his letter "Heather" uses the term "the result of forcing." I do not quite know what he means by this, but I can assure him anything shown from this stud is not forced, it is properly fed; but no animal shown this year from here was touched with a whip or brush till fourteen days before the show, and within a week of returning home everything was ready to be turned out in the yards or paddocks had the rain ceased at all. I do not want your correspondent to think from this letter that I am out to breed very big ponies. I am not. What I want to get is a big 14h. zin. animal with plenty of substance and scope. I should be delighted if "Heather" would honour me by coming down to see my stud to show him round everything myself.—H. FAUDEL PHILLIPS.

[Since writing the above I have had the honour of reading the many sound letters from other correspondents in your issue for March 28th. There is only one I venture to criticise. It is the extract by some unnamed person who makes an attack on my filly Black Fashion. May I first of all point out to your correspondent that she was among the smaller animals exhibited in her class. He talks of the filly as being "bred as a hack." May I venture to suggest that he has not gone into the question of mating and breeding quite as closely as I have, or for one thing he would not have imagined anyone would try and breed a hack from a butty mare like Ashorne, and then, as I have pointed out in my letter, this mare does not throw quite big enough stock to a pony sire. By a pony sire I mean a sire 15h. or under, not one of the 15h. 3in. or 16h. sizes he mentions as ponies, and I should be pleased if he would tell me at what height he begins to call an animal a horse.—F. P.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with "Heather," and do not intend to exhibit any more of my young stock till this is corrected.—WALTER WINANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Using a small thoroughbred is, to my thinking, using thoroughbred blood, and it is little matter whether small or large, but more a matter of what family the sire belongs to. I lean toward a polo-bred sire, as having more recent pony cross in his pedigree than the thoroughbred. I firmly believe that we are more likely to keep to a uniform size by the mare and sire both being polo size, i.e., registerable at 14h. zin., than we are if we use thoroughbred sires, who may throw back to a Stockwell or Plenipotentiary, because the polo-bred stock has more recent pony crosses in his pedigree.—R. S. O.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I feel sure the fears of "Heather" re over-height of ponies are not shared by the majority of polo pony breeders. The experience of most of us has been that the real difficulty is to breed them big enough; hence the important step taken only lately by the National Pony Society in raising —after mature consideration—the height of stallions admitted to their Stud Book to 15h. This would surely never have received the sanction of the Council had there been already a plethora of over-height ponies. The old dictum is still true that "a good big 'un is better than a good little 'un," so if there are misfits (and I fear there will always be a certain proportion), no one, I think, will gainsay that "the over-height" is the more valuable and more useful animal of the two. A notable example at once comes to mind in Mr. Faudel Phillips' well-known Chocolate Soldier, a polo bred one from Sir John Barker's stud. So long as we breed from mares that have played in good company we are on the right lines, but the really difficult problem comes in the selection of the sire. We must breed compact, short-legged ponies, and we must use compact, short-legged sires (I do not, by any means, mean "commoners"). That is why the progeny of a very well known polo pony stallion, beautiful mover and good topped horse though he is, never has and never will come to the front. To quote two examples on the other side, there are many good polo ponies playing by Right Forard, though he has seldom, if ever, come out top in the show ring; and, again, there are a number of good players by the King's Premium horse, Rockaway, a horse over 16h., but both these sires are short legged and compact. Of course, there are others one could mention. I quite agree that there is lately a distinct tendency against the very big pony in polo—this is due to the no-offside rule, which requires more handiness than formerly, especially in the "backs" ponies, where most of the really big ones used to play. In conclusion, a "forced" youngster seldom grows much after two to three years old. Most of the big ponies in polo are Irish bred—more or less starved in their youth—but these often grow a lot after four, or even five, years old when well done.—DUNBAR KELLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think "Heather" will have to make up his mind whether he is going to breed polo ponies for show or for the game. If for show, he must put in their respective classes the most forward yearlings, two and three year olds he can produce from his polo stock, and keep others in reserve which must be normally fed and reared with a view to their measuring the required height for the classes of four year olds and upwards. He must then, if necessary, "scrap" any prize-winning youngsters that grow too big. No judge can say, "I will withhold a prize from that youngster because I think it will grow too big," and give it to another because he thinks it will remain the right size. First of all, because the future might upset his calculations entirely, and, secondly, he can only judge and pass his opinion on what is before him in the show ring. You cannot judge in the show ring of a horse's future or his performances in any other sphere; all you can do is to get judges with sufficient experience to form an estimate of how a horse will turn out when put to the work for which he is intended, whether he will carry the weight, pull the load, go the pace, be able to turn, have the necessary endurance and keep sound through it all for a reasonable number of years. You could not blame a judge if a prize hunter yearling did not grow big enough, any more than you could blame him if a first-prize polo pony yearling grew too big. In other words, "Heather's" letter opens the door very wide, and involves a discussion of the whole value of horse shows. I maintain that the value does exist, even if the prize-winning young stock is never heard of again in any useful capacity, in that the tendency must always be towards improvement. For every prize-winning youngster there must always be produced many high-class others, possibly not quite good enough to win in the show ring, but bred with this object in view, always tending higher and higher.—SIDNEY G. GOLDSCHMIDT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree that in many cases the breeders of polo ponies are far too much given to "forcing" their young stock, and that many of those shown at our leading shows as yearlings and two year olds are obviously too big to ever make polo ponies at four years of age. At the same time, it is very difficult for judges to ignore them, as it would be almost impossible to fix a height limit for yearlings and two year olds, and judges show a natural preference for the best developed youngsters. For some reason which I fail to understand, it seems to have become the recognised practice to appoint none but hunter judges to judge the breeding classes of polo ponies, and this, to my mind, is a sign of great weakness on the part of the Society. Judges of young stock bred on hunter lines naturally go for size as one of the chief points, whereas, in my humble opinion, the judges of young polo pony stock ought to be chiefly influenced by conformation and not by size.—A MEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter on the above will interest judges and exhibitors, but will not, in my opinion, lead to any alteration in the present system. Show committees will not introduce an elaborate scheme of measuring the height of young animals, nor will they instruct their judges to forecast the possible growth of such exhibits. Breeders and exhibitors are well aware of the risk incurred when an otherwise valuable pony exceeds the regulation height. The entire loss falls on the owner. The purchaser gets an animal at about one-third the price it would fetch as a polo pony. The prize money gained in its early days makes little difference. I am not sufficiently experienced as a judge or exhibitor to say what proportion of ponies disappoint their owners by putting on the unwelcome inch. I think the judges must be permitted, without interference, to select for the prize list the young animals they consider the best in the classes as submitted to them in the ring.—W. SANDERS DARLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question raised by "Heather" is certainly an interesting one, as it is apparent that of recent years the judges in some of the classes tend to give undue preference to size. If we take the stallion classes we notice a good many ponies standing well over 15h. These ponies are eligible for the Stud Book at three and four years old, and if they manage to squeeze under the standard at these ages it apparently does not matter to what height they grow. Whether this is in the interests of pony breeding or not must be left to more competent judges, but it acts unfairly on a good many breeders who try to produce the true pony. Would it not be better to fix a limit of height for each class, and make all competing ponies pass under the standard before being allowed in the ring?—MERRIE ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am pleased to see that my letter has been thought worthy of consideration by so many eminent authorities who are able to speak with greater weight than I can. It is fairly obvious that sufficient has been said already to ensure radical alteration in the future judging of young polo ponies. But, as the result of the correspondence, may I add a few more comments? Miss Calmady-Hamlyn's letter emphasises my point, and suggests, in addition to forcing, another explanation of the height difficulty, because both the famous winning ponies she mentions are by big thoroughbreds. Pegaway was sired by Rockaway, a magnificent hunter sire, but a thoroughbred of more than 16h. Tarantella was also sired by a 16h. thoroughbred. Her late owner admits they were overgrown in youth, and it would seem that growth had to be retarded. Unless out of moorland mares, surely it was not altogether fair that prizes in the young classes could have been awarded to them. I maintain that when, as youngsters, such ponies are in front of the judges, parentage should be taken into account if there are other ponies of equal merit but of less height. As both Pegaway and Tarantella came within the Hurlingham standard as adults, they could when passed for life properly take prizes in the ring, but in youth they should not oust others merely because they are well grown. "A Breeder" supports this contention, for he refers to Black Fashion, who he says competed unfairly at the late show. This filly was sired by Hanover Square, a thoroughbred who has received three super premiums from the Board of Agriculture, and is one of the best *hunter* sires in the South of England.

I suggest that the National Pony Society should require exhibitors of young stock whose parents are not both entered in the full Stud Book to give the heights of both sire and dam when making their entries. With this information in front of them the judges could see that an apparently well grown youngster out of, say, a 14h. zin. mare by a 16h. sire would be more than likely to grow beyond the polo standard, and they would have satisfactory grounds for giving preference to a smaller pony if equal in other respects. The classification of sires suggested by "A Breeder" does not, in my opinion, go quite far enough. The judges should know the exact height of the mare and stallion, and not merely that the latter is over 15h.

I have been told that the National Pony Society has had *hunter* judges to judge young polo stock. If this is true, I submit it is utterly wrong and goes a long way to explain the evil to which my letter drew attention. No *hunter* judge—however prominent, unless he is also a competent judge of polo ponies—is qualified to pass opinion on the smaller animal. He will naturally prefer an upstanding youngster of the horse type, whereas polo pony breeders should be encouraged to preserve the pony type. I know that in the making of a breed, such as is now being done with the polo pony, it is necessary for a while to draw upon outside sources, *i.e.*, the mountain or moorland pony and the thoroughbred, but at the same time it is essential to keep the required type in view. The indiscriminate use of the thoroughbred sire on full-size polo mares, without reference to whether he is one of those which have thrown back to pony ancestors, will do inestimable harm to the new breed which some of us hope will soon become self-contained. Much is heard about the polo-bred pony, and the sooner the description can be applied to every playing pony the better for the game and the breed; but this will be delayed unnecessarily if by their decisions judges encourage the wrong stamp. The information given in your footnote to Colonel Monk's letter is very illuminating. Fourteen entries where both sire and dam were registered and seven prizes! Sixteen other entries and eight prizes! Is there need for further comment? One of our best known exhibitors writes to me that in last year's show he had a two year old that was fully 14h. zin. Indeed, he hesitated to send him, because when stretched he was really a quarter of an inch above the standard. To his owner's astonishment, the colt was the smallest and lowest in his class.

I am very sorry to see such a long-experienced and successful breeder as Mr. Tresham Gilbey suggesting that yearling classes should be abolished, for they should provide excellent and practical examples to the small breeder. I would not reintroduce height limits for young stock, but leave it entirely to the discretion of the judges to rule out those competitors which, in their opinion, will exceed the standard when full grown. When making their selection they need only remember that while big sires or dams continue to be used, undue height may, and probably will, mean that the candidate will not obtain a Hurlingham certificate as an adult. Other things being equal, the judges should then give preference to the smaller animal whose parentage more certainly warrants the belief that it will pass the measurer at full age. The Hon. Mrs. Ives says she has kept yearly records of the heights of her ponies. I hope she will allow you to publish these, and it would be of considerable interest to breeders generally if Sir John Barker and Mr. Tresham Gilbey would give their experiences of the height variation of their ponies. With their well known advocacy of the use of mares and stallions of right type and size, it would be of great value to learn whether or not at different ages there is much variation in the height of their own stock, and also whether in their experience special treatment has any effect on the ultimate height. I have been told they seldom get misfits, in which case their results will induce others to follow their practice. Encourage the right type and remove the misfit dread, and we shall not find small breeders giving up in disgust.—HEATHER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOXES AS PETS: A WARNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Like most other people interested in hunting, I have seen the statement in the papers that some London stores have given an unlimited order for live foxes as pets. I am not going to say a word about the hunting side of the question. I want to offer a word of warning. A fox is a most dangerous and uncertain pet, and quite unsuited for ladies and children. A fox is never really tame; he is always a wild animal. There are perhaps a few people of exceptional gifts with animals who may be fairly successful with foxes, but, as a rule, in captivity they are never safe, and their strong odour and liability to skin diseases render them very troublesome pets. Apart from the sufferings from neglect, common to all pets, it is real cruelty to keep a captive fox. There are some animals to whom captivity or domestication brings a real compensation for their wild liberty in the affection they feel and value and in the regular food and security. The bird in the cage gains its life. It would probably not have survived at all if left to itself. But the fox is irreconcilable. In most cases the pet fox is a danger, a nuisance to his owners and a misery to himself. Perhaps some day we shall have a State inspector of domestic pets. He (or would it be she?) would condemn most pet foxes at the first sight or whiff.—X.

MUD COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have no experience of cottages or houses whose walls are formed of "sods pressed down on one another." One would expect the sods, in the absence of some kind of plaster, to become worn away by the action of the weather. In India, cottages or huts are made of mud, which is well worked up and used in a "stiff" condition, and houses of considerable height are built with sun-dried bricks laid in mud. The bricks are moulded in the usual way and dried in the sun, but not burnt. This is far cheaper than burnt bricks laid in mortar. It is also cooler. Mud plaster is added, and is repaired pretty often. The roof is of thatch, or at least has projecting eaves, so that water cannot obtain access to the interior of the wall. I see no reason why this kind of wall should not be used in England (the rain here is not so heavy) or why a damp-proof course should not be added.—CIVIL ENGINEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Twycross is quite right, but the best material is not mud, but earth, because in very stiff loam we can make them best. I think they are the soundest houses ever made for workmen on farm or in forest. The best I have seen are in Franke, not mere hovels but good houses! I saw them in a

hurry coming home from the Alps, and not close enough to take sufficient note; but I am writing to a friend in France who will perhaps get me the information. I cannot imagine a greater gain to English country life than such houses as these—sun-proof, frost-proof and fire-proof.—WM. ROBINSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE re cob-built cottages, can any of your readers tell me of any effective way of preventing the damp, which is always in the walls, from coming through on the inside? Is there any practical method of washing or covering the walls that would do this? The insertion of a damp course in the walls is, I take it, quite impossible. The damp is very bad for pictures and books on the walls. For some reason it does not seem to affect the health of the inhabitants, as far as I have been able to notice it. The cottages are otherwise so comfortable to live in that it seems a pity if no method can be adopted to prevent the dampness.—SOUTH DEVON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After having read those several articles concerning mud cottages, probably a practical side will interest your readers, it being my first experience of work and country life. Not having reached my teens, I did not do much of the heavy work of the building of our mud home; but the interest of such an undertaking was great to me in those far-away days. It was rough common land covered with heath and furze, and there was no foundation made, only just the turf taken off where the erection was going to take place, which were two fair-sized rooms downstairs and three upstairs. The clay was dug from the land in close proximity to the place of erection, and then conveyed by wheelbarrows all around the exterior, ready for puddling. All the digging, wheeling and puddling was done by my parent and myself. The puddling consisted of turning, watering and breaking up of all knobs, and at the final turn heather was trodden in, to give it a binding. Some use straw; only the heather was on the spot, and money not over plentiful, thus the use of it. If memory serves me correctly, the walls were about eighteen inches thick before being pared down, or "faced" as some term it. They were built in "lifts" of about two feet high, then left for a few days to set sufficiently to be pared down, which practice and weather alone was the only guide as to the proper time; then again left until properly set. The actual building of the walls was done by a man who had had previous experience; but the additions to the house in after years—stable, cowsheds, etc.—were carried out without employing any outside help. I never recollect seeing any plans (there were none for the various outbuildings), and there were no architect's

fees paid. Great care has to be exercised in not using too much water, or a "slip" is likely to occur, which means the rebuilding of a large portion of the "lift." Here again practical experience helps one greatly. I only remember one "slip" occurring throughout the whole building, for I was "water-boy," and paid the penalty for being too free with the water on that occasion. After the first "lift," the builder stands on top of the wall to build the next one, and so on throughout the whole structure, the clay being passed up to him from the ground, each working in harmony with the other, the one on the ground usually putting his prongful of clay on to the builder's prong, which was laid flat ready to receive it. When the wall was joist high, the clay was taken inside, there being no partitions, and no scaffolding was used, the joists answering as a staging. Of course, another hand was required after the walls were "joist high." As your previous contributors say, the houses are very warm in winter and cool in summer. Bricks were used for the ground floors, the interior being levelled, the bricks laid and filled in with sand; a slate roof, and the exterior of walls tarred to protect them from the weather. No guttering was used, and I never saw or heard of any damp arising, and never knew a doctor to pass the threshold all the time I sheltered beneath its roof. *A propos* of some recent models appearing in various papers, which were marked at £200 a cottage, I might add that that amount was beyond our dreams at that time. Should any of your readers wish to see some typical mud cottages, they will find sufficient on the borders of Hampshire and Dorsetshire to suit their taste—several good specimens on the main road, about half way between Ringwood and Wimborne.—J. C. DIBBEN.

A QUOTATION WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you or any of your readers could tell me in which of Mr. Ruskin's books he describes (in his picture language) how the sticky knob of the leaf bud of the horse-chestnut remains all the winter to protect the young tender leaves; how they in their turn gradually unfold when the spring comes, having been safely folded up till the right time for their bursting forth. I believe, as far as I can recollect, there was a diagram illustrating it, but of this I do not feel quite sure.—M. C. F.

SLUG PESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent who is troubled with slugs may be glad to know of another method which is very successful in getting rid of them. For many years past when slugs seemed to be numerous, I have turned a brood of young ducklings into the garden and allowed them to live there for several weeks. They have done but little, if any, damage to the crops, as the slugs provided a more attractive menu, which was supplemented with a little ordinary meal food. Full-grown ducks will eat strawberries, gooseberries, peas, beans, lettuces, cabbages, etc., but young ducklings do not usually touch them, even if left in a garden when these fruits and vegetables are ripe, if given their ordinary food, although they will eat slugs. It is well to place several large pans of water about the garden so that the ducklings may wash the dirt from their beaks, which they may be seen to do frequently.—T. M. H.

THE ANCIENT BAR-GATE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in the papers that the Southampton city authorities are considering the removal of the ancient Bargate in that city. I hope COUNTRY LIFE will use its influence to prevent such an act of vandalism being committed.—ALGERNON B. DALE.

[Southampton once had eight gates, of which four remain. The Bargate is partly of the fourteenth century, with some core probably of twelfth century work. Later alterations have but increased its historical interest. We cannot believe that the municipal authority will aim so deadly a blow at the charm of their city.—Ed.]

YELLOW CROCUSES DYING OUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which shows the value of crocus naturalised under chestnut trees. They have all increased in a few years—I suppose from seed—and they are all purple and white. I have planted yellow, but they never increase; in fact, in a few years they disappear. I should be



A CARPET OF CROCUSES.

interested if you could tell me why this is so.—MAUD BETTERTON.

[We expect that the yellow crocuses have died out because they do not produce seed. The blue and white varieties do. We refer, of course, to the yellow Dutch crocuses. These look very well with white varieties, but we do not care to see them mixed with those of blue and purple shades.—Ed.]

AN EASILY PRODUCED DECORATION.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph will probably be of interest to some of your readers, as



PEAR BLOSSOM FROM PRUNINGS.

it indicates a means whereby some effective floral decorations for the house may be obtained out of season with very little trouble. I do not suppose the method is by any means a new one, but the idea occurred to me after the gardener had pruned the fruit trees some weeks ago. I noticed some of the shoots he had cut off were quite thick with buds, so I selected one or two and put them in water in the greenhouse for a couple of weeks, and then brought them into the house. In a few days they were a mass of bloom, and are now the admiration of everyone who sees them. The photograph is of a sprig of pear blossom.—LEONARD C. GRIGG.

[It is not often that the necessity arises for cutting away wood such as that shown in the photograph. Where, however, it must be done, the suggestion raised by our correspondent is worthy of adoption.—Ed.]

GUTTERING CANDLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your scientific readers give me an explanation as to why, when the flame of a candle burns high over its candle shade, the flame can be reduced by placing a spoon on the candle-holder section of the candlestick, the spoon part hanging downwards? There is no doubt it is an absolute cure, but no scientific friends of mine can tell me the real reason of it.—Y.

THE HERON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Following the interesting article, "The Heron as a Pet," which appeared on March 7th, by Mr. C. Laidlay, many must have read with pleasure and interest the writer's experiences in his attempts at domestication. It would be of some interest also to know whether this dignified and generally solitary bird has increased or diminished in numbers (once protected by Royal edict) *pari passu* with the growth of population and the greater area of cultivated land, and some authentic statistics as to its length of age would be of interest. Here and there, within the banks of a small burn, or the shaded light of a larger stream, a single bird will be met with—often over a long period of years—brooding pensively on the water, and his plumage matching his surroundings so closely that you are only aware of his presence when he hastily rises at your approach and scuttles clumsily away to the opposite bank. One of the largest colonies of these birds—the great herony on the banks of the romantic river Findhorn, in Morayshire—has long been a thing of the past, but the huge empty nests were for a conspicuous feature of the landscape. The dispersion of the colony was attributed, erroneously, I believe, to the constant pilfering of their eggs by jackdaws during their absence while fishing; although a more reasonable explanation might, perhaps, be that it was due to the marauding gunner firing at them from the opposite side of the river. A few of them retired to a neighbouring property and nested there, but not to the same extent as before, although they were jealously protected by the proprietor. Below the trees one could see the remains of fish, and especially large eels, on which principally they feed their young, and an occasional rat or water vole. Some years ago a friend on one occasion shot a heron, breaking one of its wings. He managed to take the bird home and had both its wings tied up for a time. It gradually became domesticated, and if not unnecessarily irritated was quite playful and sociable. If a bunch of paper were rolled up and flung to a distance it would instantly chase after it, bring it back, and lay it down like a retriever. One of its habits was every morning to proceed to a burn about a mile distant from the house, where it fished all day, returning punctually every evening before sundown, and, as my friend remarked, "you could almost set the clock by him." Unfortunately, a young collie dog was brought home one day, which immediately attacked the bird and worried it so grievously that it succumbed shortly after, greatly to the regret of its owner. So from this one would almost infer, with your correspondent, that it might be possible to teach the heron to fish for his master, as the cormorants are taught to do for the Chinese.—J. F.

SIX LAMBS AT A BIRTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 28th that "D. C. S." thinks that five lambs born from one ewe at one birth may constitute a record. I think, therefore, that the following particulars concerning a remarkable ewe owned by the late Miss Barnes of Pembroke House, Tenbury, will be of considerable interest. This ewe twice had no fewer than six lambs at a birth, and once all six were reared successfully. The following record of the ewe is from an old copy of the *Tenbury Advertiser*: 1865 (ewe was a yearling), three lambs; 1866, three lambs; 1867, six lambs; 1868, four lambs; 1869, six lambs; 1870, four lambs, making a total of twenty-six lambs in six years.—JONATHAN JEFF, Holland House, Tenbury.

A MATTER OF OPINION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a pair of bullfinches may be considered of sufficient interest to warrant its appearance in your correspondence columns.



A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.

At first sight it looks like a serious rupture of mutual affections in progress, but what really occurred was that the hen bullfinch, having been first to finish her supply of food brought for the young, was desirous of sharing with her mate his administrations, an idea unhappily not in accordance with the cock's sentiments, as I think his expression plainly indicates. I have noticed similar actions on the part of hen bullfinches, but they have always met the same fate.—JAMES H. SYMONDS.

THE GAITSSCALE BREED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph of a ram of the Gaitscale (Lancs) flock of Herdwick sheep, the property of Mr. John Harrison, Black Hall, Ulpha. The sheep of this flock enjoy a unique distinction in possessing fourteen pairs of ribs, or one pair more than any ordinary breed of sheep.



A GAITSSCALE FOURTEEN RIBBED RAM.

They are exceedingly hardy and graze the mountain slopes south and south-east of Bowfell.—B. BROWNE, JUNR.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. St. J. Mildmay, Sir Edward Fry, in his before-mentioned paper, states that in the Exon Domesday "we get three forms, Sumersete, Sumerseta, and three times Summerseta Syra, i.e., evidently our modern Somersetshire." In a footnote he adds, "Domesday Book Additamenta, 1816, pp. 127, 428, 453." At page 3 he gives this quotation from the Peterborough copy of the *Saxon Chronicle*: "There was a very great earthquake ofer eal Sumersetesceire and Gleawecestresceire." He remarks, "He must, I think, be an excessive stickler for antiquity who is scandalised by the novelty of a word used by the Domesday Commissioners of the Conqueror." He evidently thinks, too, that Professor Freeman repudiated the name of Somersetshire on insufficient evidence. The writers he mentions as using the name "Somersetshire" are Leland Camden, Norden, Celia Fiennes,

Collinson, Rutter (the author of the article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Speed, Clarendon, Hopton, Fox, Macaulay, J. R. Green, Trevelyan, Bryce, Besant, F. Harrison, Froude, S. T. Coleridge, Mrs. Sandford, Bagehot and Professors Oman and Maitland.—P. B. BURROUGHS.

OLD

DUCKING STOOL.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of the old ducking stool, now preserved in Leominster Priory Church. It was last used in 1809, and was used as a punishment for common scolds and tradesmen who gave short measure and sold adulterated food. It is of great interest, being the best preserved specimen in this country. The following lines describe its use:



PRESERVED AS A MEMORIAL.

There stands, my friend, in yonder pool,
An engine called a Ducking Stool;
By legal power commanded down,
The joy and terror of the town.
If jarring females kindle strife,
Give language foul or lug the wife;
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din:
"Away," you cry, "you'll grace the stool;
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule."
Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here, at first, we miss our ends;
She mounts again and rages more
Than ever vixen did before.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake;
And, rather than your patient lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose.
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches.

W. D. LUMB.

TRANSPLANTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph, showing how a Chilean pine (*Araucaria*) was removed by barge may be of interest to your readers. It was formerly growing at Skelton, near Goole, and on being sold its new owner decided to remove it bodily to its present home at Selby. It was, therefore, carefully taken up together with about three tons of soil, a rough framework being made round the latter to hold it together, and shipped on to a barge. At the time of writing the tree shows no signs of having suffered by being thus transplanted.—B. HANLEY.



ON THE WAY TO SELBY.